

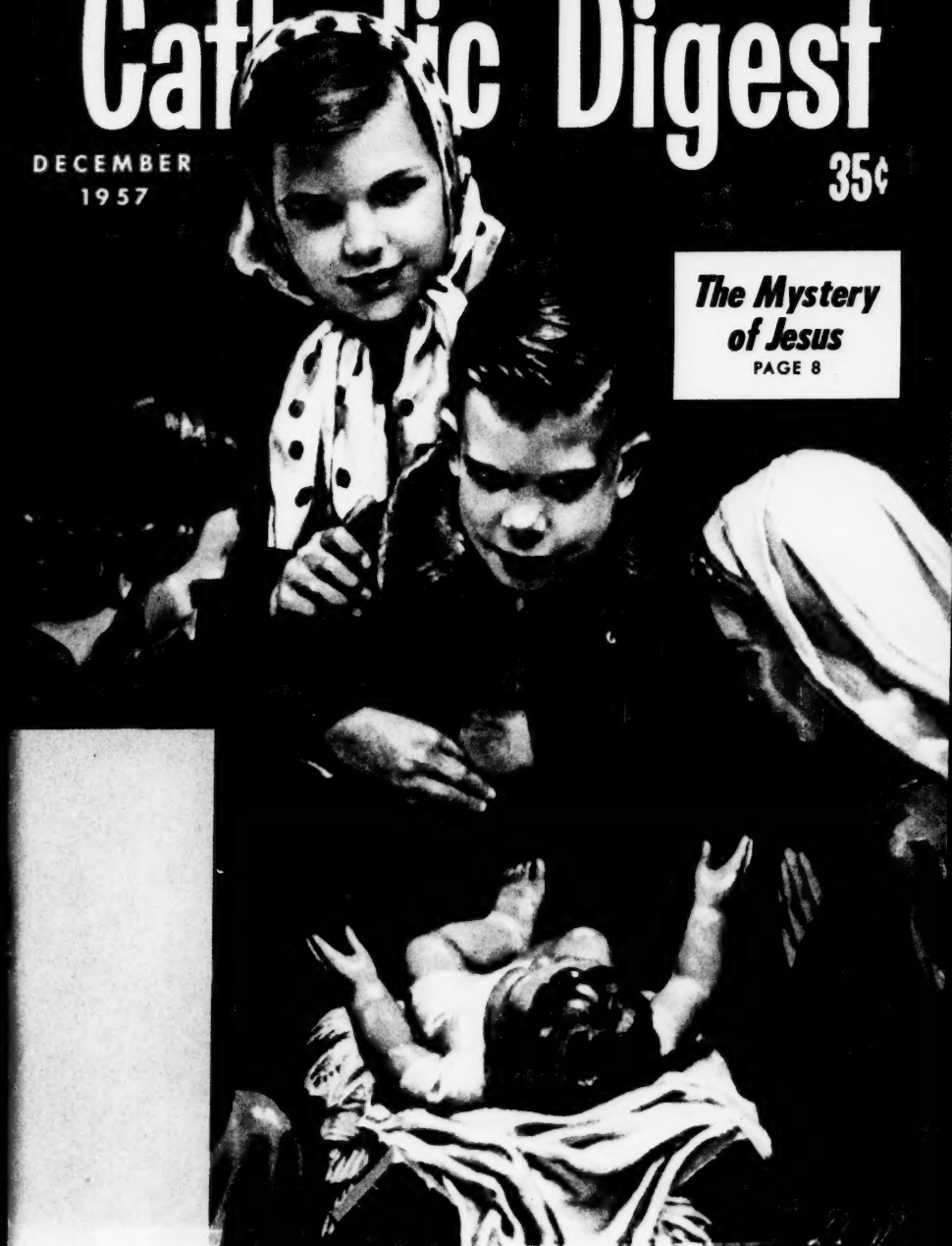
Catholic Digest

DECEMBER
1957

35¢

***The Mystery
of Jesus***

PAGE 8





Father Bussard

PUBLISHER'S PAGE

CD

We have a circulation plan for the benefit of 61 Catholic magazines. It includes 71 other magazines which are often called secular. People ask why they are included. Here is the reason.

There are two kinds of clergy: the *regular* and the *secular*. Regular clergy are the members of Religious Orders: Benedictines, Dominicans, and the like. They take vows of poverty, celibacy, and obedience. The secular are more often called *diocesan*. They take vows of celibacy and canonical obedience.

The word *secular* means the world. *Per omnia saecula saeculorum* means "through all worlds of worlds: forever." The diocesan priest is called secular because he is not in a cloister but in the world. He works in the world as the regular clergy do in monasteries. He works the world; He tries to get the world to work for him, insofar as he persuades it to be just and temperate, and to worship God properly.

The two orders are not contradictory. They complement each other, and no one in his right mind wants to do away with either one. One may jocosely observe that some of the seculars are more regular than the regular; and some of the regular are more secular than they should be, but that is about an end to it.

The word *secular*, used out of this context, has acquired a bad reputation. Around the turn of the century in the U. S. there was a group of lightheaded men who called their club the American Secular Union and Free-Thought federation. Their goal was to tax all Church property, to abolish chaplains in Congress and in the armed forces, to forbid oaths, to stop any public money from being spent for charitable purposes, to prevent any religious instruction in schools, to make the President cease the proclamation of holidays, like Thanksgiving, to get everyone to work on Sunday and Saturday. They made it clear they didn't like any religion.

Those gentlemen have now passed to their reward and their club has gone into receivership. But the American Civil Liberties union, at least the Minnesota branch of it, has taken over their platform so completely you would think they had copied it word for word. The Secular union succeeded only in spoiling a perfectly good word. It remains to be seen how the American Civil Liberties union will do.

In the publishing world there are two kinds of magazines: Catholic and secular. The 452 Catholic ones we approve. The thousands of secular ones we are likely to disapprove. Some of them should be more than disapproved: the pornographic, the salacious, the frivolous, the communist, the freethinker types, the atheistic, the antireligion group, and all such like.

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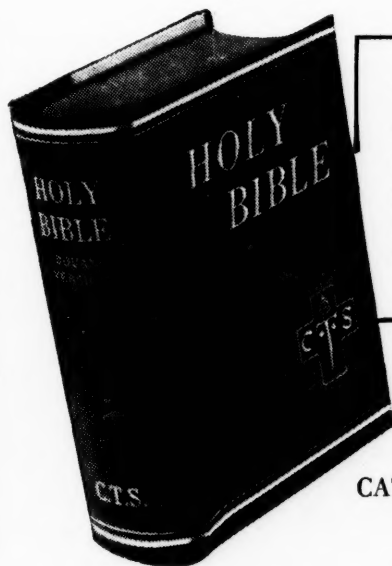
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Editor.....Kenneth Ryan
Assistant Editors.....Edward A. Harrigan,
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JOHN SCHULZ, assistant professor in the chemistry department at Iowa State college, brought about the conversion of a colleague merely by suggesting at the opportune moment that the Catholic Church be given a fair trial.

Clinton Stimson, now of Ithaca, N.Y., was studying in Schulz's department. Stimson, a brilliant young chemist, was engaged to a girl of strong Protestant persuasion. She insisted peremptorily that he join her church.

Stimson confided in Schulz. "I cannot conscientiously join her church," he said. "All churches disagree on matters of faith. What am I to believe? And who has authority to convince me?"

Schulz knew young Stimson's background, including the fact that he was the son of divorced parents of another sect than that of the girl. He considered it unwise under the circumstances to suggest that he should investigate only the Catholic Church.

"You are a research man," said Schulz. "Find out for yourself. At-

tend services of many churches, study their claims, and compare them with those of the Catholic Church. And pray for guidance."

The young man followed the advice, and became a Catholic within six months. His fiancée bitterly opposed his step, and then broke off the engagement. But two years later Stimson acquired both his Ph.D. and a lovely Catholic wife.

"MY MOTHER was literally forced into the Church by a pair of completely horrid children, my brother and myself," says Mary Jean McMullen, of Eugene, Ore.

When the children were small, their father, a Catholic all his life, took them to Mass. But he sang in the choir, and it was impossible for him to keep a constant watch over the lively imps with him. While he sang, Mike and Mary Jean did their worst: fought noisily, threw things over the choir balcony. Spankings became a normal part of Sunday routine.

"One day," reports Mary Jean, "a friend told mom quite frankly that our family was the talk of the parish.

"Mom had never shown any interest in the Church, but she was not going to have it said that she didn't know how to raise her children. The very next Sunday she came to Mass with father and us to see that we behaved."

It was only about four years later that she was baptized. "It looks as though even the worst children have a part in God's plans!" says Mary Jean.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]



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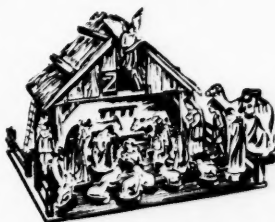
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The Mystery of Jesus

*To Him, every man worthy of the name
says once more, 'Who art Thou?'*

THERE WAS ONCE a man who lived during a precisely defined period in the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius Caesar. His existence is an incontestable fact.

He was known as a manual worker, a carpenter using the hammer and the plane, with shavings curling round his ears. He could be seen walking along a road which is still pointed out to us; in the evening he would be stretched out upon a bed of rushes or a string hammock, tired out and sleeping like any other man, just like one of us.

Yet, he said the most surprising things that have ever been heard. He said that he was the Messiah, the heaven-sent witness through whom the chosen people were to fulfill their glorious destiny. More astounding still, he said he was the Son of God. And he was believed. He found men to accompany him along the roads of Palestine as he traveled across the country. He performed miracles with disconcerting ease. There were many who be-

lieved that he would bring about the political independence of Israel.

But then, any mystic can collect devoted fanatics. The culmination of this scandal was that the man was suddenly wiped out, without putting up the slightest resistance. But far from being discouraged by this failure, several of his disciples went out into the world to bear witness to his divinity, even with their blood; and ever since, mankind, seeing in this defeat the sign of victory, has prostrated itself before a common gibbet.

The mystery of Jesus is neither more nor less than the mystery of the Incarnation. The multitude of minor puzzles on which so many glosses have been written is unimportant. What does it matter if we do not know the exact year of his birth or the particular village he came from? Seen in the proper perspective, all this is of very little importance; what matters is that this man like us, whose words and actions have unleashed such immeasurable forces, reveals God

through his agonized countenance.

Jesus is at once of history and beyond it. There is no individual of his time about whom we are so well informed. Yet, as he himself foretold, he has become the center of a thousand years of dispute, which each generation renews in contemporary terms.

That this man of poor, obscure, and uncultivated stock should remake the basis of philosophy and open out to the world of the future an unknown territory of thought; that this simple son of a declining people, born in an obscure district in a small Roman province, this nameless Jew like all those others despised by the procurators of Caesar, should speak with a voice that was to sound above those of the emperors themselves—these are the most surprising facts of history.

But his whole life is a tissue of miracles, shining with the light of supernatural provenance. The surprising facts cannot be detached from the stuff of his existence, except by rending the whole fabric, denying this existence, casting doubt on all who have testified to him.

The most astonishing fact of all is that this life which culminated in agony did not end: it reappeared in a stupefying new perspective. This dead man came to life, he spoke and moved, he showed him-

self to those who had known him alive, and in defiance of logic, his disciples were to say that this was for them the supreme and incontestable testimony. "And if Christ has not risen, vain then is our preaching, vain, too, is your faith." History must either reject Christianity or accept the Resurrection.

Yet these particular difficulties do not account for the violence and bitterness of the discussions concerning Jesus. It is hardly possible to speak of him without calling up passions in which the interests of knowledge play little or no part. In another sense, also, he is a "sign which shall be spoken against." He sees into the most secret places of our hearts, he judges us, we must be either with him or against him. To him every man worthy of the name says once more, "Who art Thou?"

There has been a total change of morality since, on the hillside about Lake Tiberias, he pronounced the Beatitudes. Henceforward he is the measure of everything that happens. The life of Christ is contained in history and contains it. It is not merely the vindication of some nameless tragic humility, it is the supreme explanation and the final standard by which everything is measured, from which history itself takes meaning and justification.

You're getting old when you find fault instead of fun with the younger generation. Maurice Seitter.

By Ora Jean Pittman
As told to Joseph Stocker
Condensed from "Redbook"™



Jet Pilot's Wife

*You learn to live with the fear
your husband doesn't have*

IN ALL MY YEARS as an Air Force wife I had never worried about Tom's flying. Now, for the first time, I had a sense of uneasiness. Tom was going to fly north in midwinter aboard a B-47 Stratojet out of March Air Force base, near Riverside, Calif. For security reasons, he couldn't say how far he was going. But I knew that the big six-engine bombers flew regular training missions across the polar cap and back.

That might not have justified my forebodings. But there were other things. We had just lost a close friend in a B-47 crash. Tom had suffered pneumonia only a few months before, and now he was going out over icy wasteland—what if he should have to bail out? Finally, he was going as the fourth man in a three-man plane: the plane had

only three ejection seats, and Tom wouldn't be sitting in any of them.

If Tom wasn't flying, he wasn't happy. That particular week he had no mission of his own; so, when his CO asked for someone to test a new survival suit, he volunteered.

I did what I had never done before; I asked him not to fly that mission. But he said he had to go.

Tom left on a Friday, about 1 p.m. At the front door I said, "Take care of yourself." "Okay, Hon," he said, kissed me, and waved good-bye to the kids. Then he drove off for the base. I watched him all the way up the street.

Tom had been flying since 1941, had survived two wars, and had 4,000 hours of flying time, 150 of them in jets. Now, suddenly, I had to start worrying.

Jet flying isn't all glamour and supersonic, wild-blue-yonder excitement. Neither is the life of a jet flyer's wife. We had financial security and a sense of being identi-

fied with something vital and worth while. But given one kind of security, we had given up another, the security of life itself.

At 8 o'clock the next morning, I was awakened by the doorbell. As I went to answer it, I saw, through the lower slats of the Venetian blinds, blue-uniformed legs and black regulation shoes. I felt a sudden chill.

Four persons were standing on the porch. Lt. Col. Jay O. Gray, commanding officer of Tom's squadron, was there with his wife, the chaplain, and a doctor from the base hospital.

Their somber faces told me all I needed to know.

"Oh, no, not Tom!" The words burst involuntarily from my throat.

"Yes, Jean," said Colonel Gray solemnly.

"How did it happen?"

"Explosion in mid-air."

I could scarcely bear to ask the next question. "Didn't anyone get out?"

Colonel Gray shook his head. "No chutes were seen."

I asked him when and where it had happened. About five o'clock that morning, he told me, over northern Canada. Tom's plane, in formation with four others, was en route home. They were at 31,000 feet when the explosion was seen by the men in the other planes.

Nobody had spoken the terrible words, "Tom is dead." But they didn't have to. When a plane blows

up in mid-air, you just don't get out.

Somehow I managed to make a pot of coffee. It was good to have something to do.

After they left, I sat alone for a moment or two, trying to think of life stretching on without Tom. I tried to picture mornings when he wouldn't be leaving for the base, evenings when he wouldn't be coming home, nights when I would be alone.

Then I thought of the children. Larry, the eldest, was seven; Judy was three and one-half; Cathy was just under two. They had been hovering around the living room while we talked. They had to be told.

I explained, as matter-of-factly as I could, that there had been an airplane accident and that daddy had gone to heaven to be with Pitt-mama, their name for Tom's mother. But Judy and Cathy were too young to understand, and I'm not sure that even Larry grasped what I was saying.

I put a call through to the little town in Texas where Tom's father lived. I broke the news as gently as I could. "Oh," he said casually, "they'll find Tom all right. He's probably up in a tree right now with a broken leg, cussing the Air Force."

Colonel Gray promised to let me know of any developments. Both the U.S. and Canadian Air Forces were searching for survivors.

People kept coming and going: our pastor; neighbors with pies and cakes and coffee; somebody from the officers' mess with a huge roasted turkey.

Sometime during the afternoon the base legal officer arrived, bringing Tom's car and things from his locker—his raincoat and a picture of the kids. The legal officer, obviously not relishing what he had to do, asked about my husband's life insurance, and I fetched the necessary papers.

The phone rang. It was Col. Lloyd Dalton, commanding officer of one of the search groups. Two men, alive, had been spotted in the snow by a search plane. Their identities weren't known. I was afraid to hope.

When the legal officer heard the news, he handed the insurance papers back to me and said, "We won't need these. One of those fellows will be Tom. I know that guy. Tom's rugged."

That evening, Colonel Dalton called again. The two men had been picked up. They were the pilot and co-pilot, Lt. Col. Kenneth McGrew and Capt. Lester Epton. Both were injured, but not seriously. The navigator, Maj. Robert Dowdy, was still missing. So was the wreckage. So was Capt. Thomas L. Pittman.

The next morning, Aline Dowdy, wife of the missing navigator, stopped in. She was a tall, slender young woman, with long hair done

up in a bun. "I'm sure that Bob will be found alive and sound," she said. I wished desperately that I had some of her courage.

Charlotte McGrew arrived. She is married to Ken McGrew, one of the men picked up. Charlotte was the only one who cried. "What can I say to you?" she said. She promised that as soon as Ken got home she would send him over.

That evening, Colonel Gray called to tell me that a search plane had spotted a light somewhere in the snow. It wasn't a flare, just a tiny glow that flickered a few seconds and went out. My hopes went up.

The next day I sent Larry back to school. Before he left, he said gently, "Mamma, everything will be all right."

Colonel Dalton stopped by several times during the day. He looked worried and exhausted. He had scarcely slept since the accident.

Once he told me, "Jean, you must accept the fact that Tom can't be alive in that freezing weather."

"But you won't give up the search?" I cried.

"We won't give up until we find some clue."

On Tuesday, I heard that the wreckage of the plane had been found. There was just one body in it, and it hadn't yet been identified. It took a minute or two for me to realize what this meant. That body had to be either Tom's or Bob Dowdy's. Then one of us, Aline Dowdy or I, was a widow.

In mid-afternoon, Ken McGrew arrived. He had been flown in from Winnipeg with Captain Epton, who was the more painfully injured of the two. Ken wore a bandage over one frost-bitten ear. His face was red and scratched, and his eyes were puffy. He seemed terribly tired and very nervous.

Impulsively I kissed him, and said, "How lucky you are. And how glad I am that you're alive!"

"Yes. We were lucky," Ken replied. "I only hope they find those other two boys."

"Don't try to spare my feelings, Ken," I said. "Is there any chance?"

"Jean," he said, "I'll be honest with you. I don't think Tom had a chance." And then he told me what had happened.

They were flying about 200 miles northeast of Saskatoon, Canada, some 450 miles north of the U.S. border. They had just had an aerial refueling. Tom was riding in the crawlway alongside the pilot's and co-pilot's cockpits. He had unstrapped his parachute to serve coffee to the other three crew members.

Suddenly the No. 4 engine, inboard on the right wing, exploded. Then everything seemed to happen at once. Ken remembered saying, "Get into your chute, Pittman!" And he put the big bomber into a dive to try to blow the fire out. Then the right wing tore off. That was all he remembered. He couldn't even recall ejecting. Either he pulled the ejection handle instinc-

tively, or Epton ejected both of them.

Ken said Tom was struggling with the straps of his parachute when he last saw him. He wasn't even sure that Tom managed to get into the chute.

"It was terribly cold," Ken said. "I was down there only a few hours before I was picked up. Tom can't possibly be alive after several days, even if he did get out."

I don't remember hearing the phone ring, but dimly, as though from a great distance, I heard Colonel Dalton speak some words into the transmitter. When he came back to the living room he was smiling!

"Well, we have news!" he said. My heart was in my throat.

"They've found Captain Pittman!" Colonel Dalton went on. "He's alive"—Oh, thank God! "but he's in serious condition. Frozen. Broken leg. We don't know how bad he is."

And now, finally, for the first time in all those awful four days, I could cry.

Not for some minutes did another realization come to me. The body in the wreckage had to be Bob Dowdy's. Poor Aline!

I was desperately impatient for more news. I waited all that night, sleeping fitfully. At 5:30 the next morning I got word that Tom was in Deer Lodge hospital, near Winnipeg. I called the hospital, and asked to speak to the doctor in

charge. My voice shook as I told him who I was and asked about Tom's condition.

"Oh, he's doing fine," the doctor said. "We amputated this morning."

Amputated! The word went through me like a spear.

"Right leg," the doctor was saying. "He came through surgery all right. But he keeps asking for you. I think it would help if you could find some way of coming here."

I hung up. My mind was spinning with plans. I would have to get someone to take care of the children, and find the money somehow for a plane ticket.

Two hours later the phone rang again. It was Tom. "Hello, honey. How are you?"

What a guy! Four days in the snow, a leg off, and he asks me how I am!

"Oh, Tom," I choked, "I'm fine! How do you feel?"

"I'm all right," he said, "except that my stride's been shortened a bit. When are you coming up?"

I said, "As soon as I can get things together." By then I was weeping so much that I could hardly speak.

"What are you blubbering about?" Tom asked, and I thought I heard a chuckle. I said I was so happy that I couldn't help crying. "Well, stop your crying and come on up here as soon as you can," he told me.

On Friday, I took off for Winnipeg. The men in Tom's squadron

took up a collection for my ticket.

At Winnipeg, a car was waiting to take me to the hospital. Tom's nurse met me in the hall. She opened his door, and said to him, "Are you ready for a visitor?" And I heard him say, "Yes, sure!"

Tom's head was completely bandaged. His face was red and swollen. The bed was flat where the outline of his right leg should have been. But he was grinning from ear to ear.

"Well," he said, "you won't have any trouble keeping up with me now."

It was an old joke between us. Tom is six feet tall. I'm five-foot-one. When we walked together, I had to almost run to keep up.

I said, "No, I sure won't. But it doesn't make any difference."

I stayed only a few minutes, so as not to tire him. I went to the hospital chapel and thanked God.

That evening I spent several hours with him. Tom wanted to talk about the accident. He said he started scrambling into his parachute when the engine exploded and finished buckling it just as the right wing ripped off. The plane flipped over on its back and went into a spin. Then there was another explosion, and the plane broke in two.

Tom saw McGrew and Epton eject. Tom had tried to follow them through the canopy opening. But the plane was twisting crazily, and he was thrown back into the crawl-

way. His head bashed against something, his right leg crumpled under him, and he was thrown forward into the navigator's compartment. He saw Dowdy slouching there unconscious, and tried to set off his ejection seat, but it was jammed. Then the plummeting cabin suddenly slipped over again and Tom was sent spinning back along the crawlway. He saw a hole at the rear, clawed his way through it into clear sky, and pulled his ripcord. He landed in a clump of trees, and his right leg was shattered.

Four days and three nights later he was picked up. The temperature ranged from -15° to -38° . He had fashioned a makeshift igloo out of his chute to keep from freezing, and had made a tourniquet of parachute nylon to keep from bleeding to death.

Several times he saw search planes, but they didn't see him. Once he set a match to his oxygen

bail-out bottle. That was the mysterious light the searchers had spotted. On the fourth day he had become delirious from hunger and loss of blood.

That morning a plane flew low over his position. The pilot didn't see him, but he saw an orange panel of Tom's parachute, and reported it to his base. A half-hour later Tom was picked up by helicopter.

We flew home ten days later. Tom was on crutches, and managing them very nicely. When we walked into the house, Cathy looked at Tom's empty trouser leg and said, "Daddy, where's your other shoe?" Thereafter, none of the children ever mentioned the matter.

No, I haven't asked Tom not to fly, not even after all that happened. I'd done that once, but never would again. A man must do what he must do for the sake of his happiness, and I knew that Tom wouldn't be happy if he wasn't flying.

POWER OF PRINT

A mute, inglorious Milton submitted a poem to an editor with this note attached: "Please let me know at once whether or not you will use it, as I have other irons in the fire."

Back came a note from the editor: "Reheat irons, put poem in."

Mrs. Bryant Worthy.



The wife of an unsuccessful novelist was talking to a girl friend on the telephone. "Ronald is especially discouraged this morning," she was saying. "It seems the publishers no longer bother even to send back rejection slips with his manuscripts. They merely stamp them 'Opened by Mistake.'"

L.M.G.

Russia's Bewildered Young People

*They are beginning to ask the questions
that have the difficult answers*



WHILE I WAS doing research for a thesis in the Lenin library in Moscow last year, I talked to hundreds of Soviet young people. Some of them were passionately dedicated to the communist system. Some advocated violent and immediate change. But most were simply bewildered. For the first time in their lives they were beginning the painful process of questioning long-established "socialist truths."

Some clung the more tenaciously to communist dogma, because to abandon it would leave them without a guide for their restless spirits. But I have heard other young people raise huge doubts about: the righteousness of their regime; the inevitability of communism's conquest of the world; the moral fortitude of their leaders; the justice of Russia's action in Hungary; the honesty of their press; and the shallowness of their literature.

My encounter with Volodya tes-

tifies to this attitude. It was one of the first I set down in my diary.

March 28. This evening, I met Volodya, a 29-year-old graduate student at the History institute at Moscow. Many times during our conversation, I got the impression that he was a member of the Communist party; in any case, he knew communist dogma very well, and he defended the communist position through every twist and turn with beautiful facility.

We walked up and down Gorki St. for hours, talking about Ulanova, whom he adores, and the United Nations, at which he scoffs. After a while, I asked, "Volodya, could an average student study Trotsky's influence on the revolution, and, if not, can you still claim that Soviet scholarship is objective scholarship?"

When Volodya answered, his gaze was no longer defiant. It was apologetic. "I guess you hit the nail on

*229 W. 43rd St., New York City 36, July 28, 1957. © 1957 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

the head. It's that kind of question my friends and I have also begun to raise of late."

April 18. Last night at the Uzbekistan restaurant in Moscow, a young Russian who is a "Master of Basketball" and travels frequently, playing in tournaments, told me his rather unique definition of a communist. "A communist is a person," he explained, "who has a car, a family, a *dacha* (country house), and lots of money every month." When I asked him who the greatest living communists are, he answered, "Khrushchev and Bulganin, because they have cars, families, *dachas*, and money."

But later he told me that war was inevitable, and that it would come in two years. Why? Because the capitalists "want to come here, and the Russian Ivan may not like the communists, but he loves Russia, and he will crush the invader, as he has done before in her name."

April 22. A group of us from the embassy drove out to Zagorsk this afternoon. There I met a Russian who asked if I were an American. He pulled me over to the side, said he was a former first lieutenant in the Red army and that he had been awarded the Order of the Red Star. He proclaimed himself to be anti-Soviet and anti-communist! He said he used to listen to the Voice of America and the BBC but doesn't any longer because the broadcasts are jammed too effectively.

He later appealed to me to help

him leave the country. He said he was an expert mechanic, but has not been able to find work for three months. This honesty was remarkable. The regime boasts every day that there is full employment. He told me he was penniless and hadn't eaten for two days. When I offered him money, he refused. "Bulganin and that fat man from the party (Khrushchev) are both soft because they have good jobs. I am thin. I have no job. This is a cursed country."

June 21. This afternoon I took a walk in Gorki park. It was crowded, as usual. I sat on an empty bench. Presently, a Russian girl joined me; she started to read. I glanced over and noticed that she was reading *War and Peace*. I asked her if she was enjoying the book, and one question led to another.

The conversation drifted from the literary sphere, and this girl whom I had met not more than ten minutes before began telling me all about her life.

She confided that she had been dating a general's son, but his father and her mother ended the affair. When I asked what their objections were, she replied that it is practically impossible for a general's son to marry out of his class. For this reason, the general opposed the relationship. Her own mother objected because she wished to spare her daughter heartache. "Your father is a truck driver," she cautioned. "A general's son will never

marry you." I asked the girl if such class consciousness had existed in Russia for a long time; she nodded sadly.

Sept. 2. I talked with a dark-skinned, chubby Azerbaijani girl from Baku. I asked her if she had gone out to the virgin lands in Siberia, to help with the harvest. She winced, and replied that she didn't enjoy physical work. Her father, who died recently, was an important doctor. She confessed that she had been asked to go to the virgin lands after finishing school, but had used pull to duck the responsibility.

I then asked her if she ever felt guilty about this. She answered, with no sign of shame, that if she didn't use pull, she would get nowhere. "Pull is the best way of getting anything in Russia. I think it is the only way."

Later on, she told me that corruption in universities was rampant, that some students gain advantage over others only because of the social and political positions of their mothers or fathers, while other more deserving students have to go to work and never get into a university. "Many of our young people are this way. I admit this. I'm not ashamed."

Oct. 27. I met a young well-dressed Russian at a play. Afterward, we went for a walk, and he started to talk. "I spent three months gathering in the harvest this summer. Most of my friends did

not wish to go to Siberia, but I did.

"I have had an easy life. My father is a topflight engineer, and he makes a lot of money. We have always had the two most important things in Russia: money and connections. Anyway, the opportunity to make a contribution arose and I took it.

"Maybe it is hard for you to understand what I mean by *contributing*. You see, we have a society built on fine, humanitarian principles, but it functions on narrow, base principles. The entire administration stinks with bureaucracy. Fat bureaucrats sit around for weeks, months, years, busying themselves with plans and quotas. Are they interested in the people? No, they are interested only in themselves. They want more money and a second car and maybe a second dacha.

"You know, it is the strangest thing about the peasants. From birth, they are taught to think and act in collective ways. Yet they want only their own plot of land. They couldn't care less about the collective land. In fact, they work most of the time on their own land, not the collective land.

"Our feeling is that the ordinary people of Russia must begin to get a fair share of our national production and profit."

He then told me about a political discussion which had taken place in his institute, ending in a wild, unsatisfied excitement. "A group of us

went to a friend's house and there we continued our discussion. We ranged over the whole subject of what we could do to help Russia in this troubled period.

"Some called for inciting an uprising. Some called for the assassination of the leaders and the convocation of a representative assembly. But others—and I was one of these—thought violence would get us nowhere. If I thought it would, I swear to God I would go to Red Square tonight with all my friends and stage an uprising, but it would yield no beneficial results. All we want is a happy Russia."

Oct. 30. I was the only Westerner at a lecture on current events in the Lenin library. The speaker, of course, talked the straight party line. Whenever he used a typical propaganda phrase like "the glorious, mighty, genius-full Soviet people," almost without exception the young listeners around me either yawned loudly or made crude, sarcastic comments, or continued to read books or newspapers. After the lecture the students asked questions about Hungary.

"Comrades, would it not be better to discuss the meaning of the 20th congress of the party, or the denunciation of the Stalin personality cult?"

"No," was the unanimous answer.

One young man arose. "We want to know the truth about Hungary and Poland. Tell us the facts about these countries."

The others spoke up to say they were not interested in the official lines; they wanted to know the facts. One man near me mumbled to a friend, "He's on the spot now. I don't envy him. He'd better talk."

A student got up and said, loud, clear, and unafraid, "We are all literate. We read the papers. Now, we want to know the truth. We want facts, not the phraseology of the press."

Everyone burst into applause. Over the racket of 200 people shouting for the truth, the speaker appealed for order, and then, picking out what he thought was his trump card, he asked over the noise, "Would any comrade suggest that the Soviet press does not print the truth? That there is a truth outside the statements of the press?"

Another student rose and, apparently expressing the sentiments of all, shouted, "We asked for the truth. We did not ask for a recitation of the press. We all read our papers. Now, give us the truth, please!"

These are a few excerpts from my diary. I could have chosen others, but the message would have been essentially the same. The young people of Russia, brought up on communism, are in a state of flux.

I have heard Russian students defend their system one minute and castigate it the next, only to defend it doubtfully again a moment later. They have, for the most part,

no uniform view of their own world or of ours, but they look skeptically on communism, capitalism or any other ism of our century. Their attitudes, in a word, are not consistent—except for their unqualified love of Russia. This love is their mainstay; on it they hang their dreams, frustrations, hopes, and sufferings.



IT HAPPENED ON 42ND STREET

During a recent visit to New York I was strolling along 42nd St., enjoying the customary small-towner's delight at the sights of the big city. Suddenly, as I was passing the shadowy bulk of the public library, a familiar figure reeled into view.

He was a little old man, badly in need of a shave and a bar of soap. Though the sidewalk seemed steady enough to me, he was having a good deal of trouble keeping it in place. He spotted the Roman collar, and bore down on me.

"Hi, Father," he mumbled. "How're things with you?"

He seized my hand and kissed it. The passers-by were amused at my predicament, but by this time I'm used to the routine, and it no longer embarrasses me.

As we talked, I had my hand in my pocket ready to deal out some change after the preliminaries were finished. The conversation, though somewhat disconnected, went on for about five minutes. I was in no hurry, and it has been my experience that these fellows enjoy the build-up almost as much as they do the handout.

Finally, the old man thrust his hand into his pants pocket, and whispered, "Father, is there anything you need?"

That threw me. While trying to figure the angle, I said, "No, I'm getting along fine!"

"That's good, Father. I always like to take care of the priests!" And with a final, unbalanced wave of his hand he pursued his irregular course down toward Broadway.

For a moment I stood there, still trying to figure it out. Then I broke into a laugh that must have startled the onlookers even more than my peculiar conversation with the old man. But I wasn't laughing at him; I was laughing at myself.

He had given me something after all. In his own off-beat way, he had reminded me that I had been looking at a pattern instead of at a person.

John Reedy, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (21 Sept. '57).

The Christmas I'll Never Forget

Prayers and a party unite friend and foe

WHEN CHRISTMAS approaches, my thoughts invariably turn to the little town in Germany where 11 years ago I planned a strange Christmas party. It all started on the frigid afternoon of Dec. 9, 1946, with the ringing of the doorbell in our army quarters.

Anna, my maid, had gone marketing. I was afraid to open the door. The German people were bitter with defeat, hostile toward the occupation. Every time I had gone into town I had been shoved off the sidewalk. There was the recent incident of the army lieutenant "accidentally" shot and killed by his German guide while deer hunting. My husband, as well as Anna, had warned me never to answer the door when I was alone in the house.

But even if I had not been afraid I could not have met anyone. My eyes were red with weeping. Two nights before, the Winecoff hotel in Atlanta had burned. Today my native Georgia was burying her dead: 114 lives lost. Thirty high-school students attending a convention had perished. Four girls, dear to me, were among the victims.

All day I had clutched the newspapers which friends had air-mailed to me. Pictures showed the burning hotel on familiar Peachtree St. I wept at the sight of the pitiful ropes of sheets and blankets, the thin streams of water, ladders that could not reach to the 10th and 12th-floor windows.

The pictures showed the living searching among the dead. I recog-



*27 E. 39th St., New York City 16. December, 1956. © 1956 by Christian Herald Association, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

nized Lt. Gov. Marvin Griffin, looking for the body of his high-school daughter Patsy.

And today there were the funerals. I imagined I heard the tolling of the church bells. But I was too numb to pray.

The doorbell rang again. The sound was so loud, so menacing, that I put the newspapers aside. My fright grew more intense. It was growing dark, and snowing. Would Anna never come back?

Suddenly, in my grief and terror, all my grievances against the Germans blazed into resentment. Upon my arrival six months before, I had sent Anna with cans of milk and soup for the ill and hungry; and later, with shoes and sweaters for the shivering children. All had been returned. Even the women who attended our church on Sundays gave me only hostile stares on the street.

When the doorbell rang for the third time I went to my desk, opened the drawer, and slipped a pistol into my jacket pocket. Holding it there with my right hand, I hurried to the door and flung it open.

Four German girls of high-school age stood there in the snow.

It was the tall girl who spoke first. "Anna has told us about the American schoolgirls dying in the hotel fire," she said in perfect English. "Do you want us to go into our church to light candles and pray?"

For a moment I could only stare at them in surprise. They were pret-

ty girls: rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, with bright kerchiefs about their blonde hair. They looked like American girls.

I took my hand from my pocket. "Come in," I said. "I was wishing for someone to have tea with me."

They glanced at each other, moved back, and shook their heads. "We only wanted to ask your permission to pray for the girls," the tall one said.

Icy wind whipped the snow about the corner of the house. I saw the girls shiver, and knew their hunger. "Come in out of the cold," I urged them. "Anna is not here. You may help me make hot chocolate." And then I added, "I will tell you about the American girls."

I pushed the door open, waited, and they entered. A few moments later we were chatting together over steaming cups of chocolate. They told me their names: Lisa, Frieda, Ursula, Gertrude. Their fathers had been killed in the war.

That day in their classrooms, they said, they had talked of the dreadful fire in faraway Atlanta that had taken the lives of so many students. "If those girls had lived here," Lisa said, "they would have attended our school."

"We feel as if we have lost someone we know," added Gertrude.

As I passed the cookies again and poured more chocolate, Frieda asked, "Do you want us to go into the church? Light candles? Pray?"

I am a Protestant. The girls in

the hotel fire had been Protestant. Never had I lighted a candle nor asked intercession for the dead.

But sternly I reminded my Baptist conscience that these girls loved God as devoutly as I. They knew that I did not share their practices.

Yet they had come. They had come in spite of their parents' resentment of the occupation. They had come with compassion: "We are sad." The girls stood, and pulled on their wraps.

"Yes! Go into your church," I urged them. "And please pray also for the living that their grief will be comforted. Pray that never again will Germany and America go to war."

They smiled at me, and at each other. As they started down the steps I called to them. They turned. "And pray for me," I said.

They nodded happily, waved their hands, then went away.

I stood at the window and watched the girls through the falling snow. When I returned to the living room I folded the newspapers, placed them in a trunk, and bowed my head and prayed.

Anna was delighted when I told her of the girls' visit. Anna was more than a servant; she was my friend and companion. "The women will be friendly now," she said. "You have accepted the gift of their children."

Two days later Lisa, Frieda, Ursula, and Gertrude returned. This time they were not frightened but

greeted me as a friend. They had brought me an invitation from the Sister in charge of the largest orphanage in the town.

"You want to hear the children sing their Christmas carols?" urged Gertrude.

"Almost 200 children," added Lisa, "from baby age to 14."

I accepted gaily. "Of course. Isn't this the land of Kris Kringle?" I asked. "There will be a tree? And gifts for everyone?"

The girls stared at me. "No. No gifts," said Frieda. Then she added, more gaily, "But the great room will be heated for one day."

Couldn't there be something more, I wondered—for Christmas?

Accompanied by Anna as interpreter I went to visit the Sister. I asked her for permission to plan a party for the orphanage children.

Her eagerness was pathetic. But she shook her head. "It is impossible," she said. "There are no gifts to be bought in the shops. No toys. And little time, only ten days."

I felt gay, confident, from the experience with the girls. "Nothing is impossible," I told them, "when an American woman appoints committees."

"Committees?" the Sister and Anna puzzled together.

"All American women appoint committees," I explained. "More things are wrought by committees than this world dreams of!"

"You—you think you can make a real party?" wondered the Sister.

"A real Christmas party! I will go to the GI's in my husband's company. They love children."

On Christmas eve, the great hall was heated. And what a party! Each committee of GI's had done a wonderful job. The huge glittering tree was hung with gifts for every child. The soldiers had carved wooden toys. I had wrapped many packages of clothing and shoes. Our Officers' club donated their rations of candy and fruit. A theatrical troupe produced *Hansel and Gretel*, and there was a marionette show.

At first the children stared, wondering. Gradually the serious little faces began to smile. Then came the sound of laughter. I saw tears in the eyes of the Sisters as they watched them.

The children sang their carols for us. My heart thrilled to the familiar *Silent Night*.

Kris Kringle hurried in on time. Our fat corporal in his red suit and white whiskers distributed the presents.

The four girls came to me. They clung to my hands. "Thank you, thank you so much."

"I didn't do it," I said. "Besides, I thank you. It has been a beautiful party."

"The—the American girls," Lisa was hesitant as though reluctant to remind me of my loss. "Did they do this at Christmas?"

"The girls would have loved this party," I said gently.

It was in January that the terrible

thing happened. One morning, out walking near the railroad station, I saw a crowd of men and women there, their manner strange. They did not talk among themselves. They simply stood staring at the railroad freight cars that were covered with snow, dripping with icicles. I walked nearer.

Two or three women saw me. They nudged others, and soon a large part of the crowd pressed toward me, their faces more than angry.

"Go away! Go away!" I recognized a few words in broken English. "You Russian ally! Go back to America!" They gestured from me to the cars as though I were guilty of some crime.

A woman heard the irate voices, and pushed through the crowd. "I am Lisa's teacher," she said. "These people are stunned with grief. Almost crazy with shock. Perhaps you should go away."

I was uneasy, but resisted the urge to run. "What's wrong?" I asked, my heart beginning to pound.

The woman explained. Two days before at the border the Russians had loaded the cars with German prisoners. The soldiers, promised their freedom, had been allowed to write their families the time of arrival. All night these men and women had waited.

When the train had finally arrived, hours late, 120 soldiers were dead. They had been packed into the cars like animals, with no heat

and no food. Survival had been impossible. The few living had been removed to the hospitals. The dead were still inside the cars. Shocked at such brutality, I forgot my fright. I stared at the frigid cars, thinking of the hope, the waiting.

When I turned to the women again, tears ran down my cheeks. "I am sad for your loss," I choked.

But I saw no relenting. I was their enemy.

Then a picture came to my mind. The Catholic girls at my door were frightened, yet they had faced me with courage. The time had come when I could imitate their gift.

I pointed to the church with the cross raised against the sky. "I go to your church. I pray for your sons," I told them. "I pray for no more prison camps. No more wars."

Then the women began to sob. The one who had spoken angrily to me said, "Pray for me."

I turned to go, and the crowd parted.

After that day my doorbell rang frequently. My neighbors came to call, and often brought small gifts

of flowers, a wooden plate, hand-made lace.

We left Germany to come home in October. It was a beautiful golden day. At the railway station I was amazed that so many German friends had come to say good-by. "*Auf wiedersehen! Auf wiedersehen!*" they chanted.

I stood upon the train steps, and talked to the four girls below me. Their parting gift was exquisite, a sheaf of red roses. Tears were in their eyes. "Come back. Come back to Germany!" they begged.

"I will come back," I promised. "Perhaps some Christmas." A Christmas when all children can be warm and pink-cheeked and loved, I prayed silently.

The train began to move. A mist stung my eyes. Suddenly, looking down upon my four girls, I was reminded of that other day when they had stood below me in the snow, frightened, and with courage to say, "We have come to pray."

"Thank you! Thank you for my gift," I called back to them. And I was not thinking of the roses.



MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

A reference librarian at the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., heard a piping voice on the other side of her desk. Looking down, she spied a nine-year-old researcher. His head did not quite come above the top of the desk.

"Young man," said the librarian, "don't you know that you're supposed to have someone with you when you come here?"

"That's all right," spoke up another voice. "He's with *me*."

The librarian leaned farther over the desk—and looked into the scrubbed, beaming face of a six-year-old girl.

The Wage Earner (Oct. '57).

By Mary H. B. Wollner
Director, Rockford College Reading Clinic
*Condensed from "Today's Health"**

Back to the Fairy-Tale Classics

*You aren't doing children a favor if you remove
all mention of evil and danger from their books*

A TEACHER recently boasted that in her room the gingerbread boy is no longer eaten by the fox, on whose nose the foolish boy perches to cross the river; but is rescued by the Lone Ranger—and lives happily ever after. The teacher feels that her revised ending averts 1st-grader nightmares. I suspect that her own shrinking from exposure in literature of bestiality or gluttony is the true motivation.

A miasmic reform has crept upon many of the old fairy tales. Radio and television versions now omit or alter the once satisfyingly drastic punishments meted out to wicked stepmothers or to bloodthirsty old giants.

Jack's giant, you have noticed, no longer meets his death by crashing headlong from the top of the beanstalk felled in the nick of time by the brave boy, but fades out in a huge bubbling giggle (or giggling bubble)! I should think children today might be alarmed by the possibility that such a giant might



giggle his way into life again; he obviously isn't quite dead enough.

An inexpensive series of children's books presents further ingenious decontaminations: witches, I'll have you know, are now delightful, whimsical creatures who grant little children's good wishes (a far cry from the red-eyed, hawk-nosed, black-robed monsters who drew chilling screams from us in our youth). The wolf in *Red Riding Hood* doesn't get to swallow granny (a pity, since it was always fun to cut him open again and recover her unscathed); he's

*535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill. September, 1957. © 1957 by the American Medical Association, and reprinted with permission.

simply chased away by the wood-cutter. Humpty-Dumpty is carefully mended, and equally absurd liberties are taken with many Mother Goose characters.

Grimm is too grim for the modern child, we are told. Children don't like violence and cruelty; besides, if all their reading is purged of baseness, they will grow up noble. In fact, they might turn out to be such good citizens, because of lofty literature, that all society would benefit.

Children's literature has always aimed at influencing character and, possibly, reforming society. The child readers themselves, in the long run, offer to this aim a stubborn resistance, because they instinctively adopt the literature which was not intended for them: the myth, legend, picaresque novel, adventure tale. But when starved out of Homer, Cervantes or Mark Twain, where are they to turn? Could it be that there is a connection between the astounding multiplications of reprehensible comic books in recent years and the overemphasis on sweetness and light in literature for children?*

There has, indeed, hovered over us in the last two decades a cloudy theory in child development. It is

a theory ascribed to psychologists who once warned parents and teachers that indulging children in fairy tales would encourage unhealthy wish-fulfillment fantasies. Much mental illness and emotional distress is characterized by inability to be certain about reality; we all got scared, and thought that the sooner our children become realistic thinkers the better off they would be.

This was the era in which parents got tough about the Santa Claus myth. Many a tot was bravely weaned away from elves and Easter bunnies at the tender age of three. Schoolteachers built their courses severely around technology and biography ("science" and "truth"). The tangible here and now—farms, dairies, firehouses, tugboats—were always to be preferred to the fictional Alice in Wonderland or Pooh Bear. Publishers accepted only realistic children's stories, with "true-to-life" illustrations. It was presumed that the child would learn readily when his primers dealt with what is proudly described as "typical American family life." Many school children have been scrupulously guarded against the faraway and long ago, the exotic, the magical, even from poetry and folklore.

Many youngsters enter kindergarten or 1st grade without ever having heard a nursery rhyme or fairy tale. Their families were too busy and too weary to read or

*Not all today's writing for children is vivid, and some of it may indeed be the classics of tomorrow. An example was the fine magazine *Story Parade*, which—and this may be the payoff—folded a few years ago. There were thousands of mourners, but none came forward with the money or brains to set it on its feet.

recite to them. Or the parents were simply ignorant of the tremendous importance of transmitting these stories. It was much easier to let the children watch TV.

Teachers are still more ignorant or quite as helpless: too often they teach the shoddy and mediocre because they honestly do not know the excellence of our children's classics. There are occasions, too, when a teacher is shaken in her attempt to share real literature with her pupils by the admonishment of her supervisor, "Modern boys and girls don't want to hear stuff with kings and queens in it."

Let the psychologists and educators take a good long look at the product, today's adult. They will see that he often is reading magazine fiction allied to soap operas, that is, written to formula, and sparing no pains to arouse false sympathies and arrange "fulfillment" of infantile daydreams; that he attends movies which waste miles of film and near genius in production of paper-doll characters; or at worst, wallow in suggestiveness and flaunting self-indulgence; that he is filling his truth-starved mind with blood and thunder and magic and superstition in radio, television, and comics.

Youngsters are not naturally devoid of critical insight. A lively panel of junior-high-school students recently discussed with me their impressions of *Treasure Island*. They decided that "there is both

good and bad" in Long John Silver.

I asked them if they could compare one of the characters on the daily TV or radio programs with Long John. They shook their heads: "You can always tell a villain by his hat, voice, and color of his horse."

To enter a child's world is a privilege and a danger: a privilege if the adult can enter gracefully, gain some insight into the child as he really is, and then get out gracefully. Children are in greatest peril whenever their world is invaded by immature adults. These persons may be parents, teachers, librarians—or publishers who purvey literature that is immature, stereotyped, and even perverted.

Children's tastes, when not distorted, lead to enjoyment of stories which would be judged great by the standards used in judging all great literature. The undiluted nursery lore, folk tales, fairy stories, myths, and legends have down the ages constituted the basic children's classics. This is true because they are literary expressions of timeless psychological and sociological truths as these truths have welled up out of the unconscious cumulative wisdom of the race. This lore persists in its wide, deep, universal appeal, and at the same time yields vital nourishment for every child's growth.

A child's soul is normally beset from the moment of birth by con-

BOGEYMAN

Fairy tales do not give a child his first idea of a bogey. What fairy tales give the child is his first clear idea of the possible defeat of the bogey. The baby has known the dragon intimately ever since he had an imagination. What the fairy tale provides for him is a St. George to kill the dragon.

From *Tremendous Trifles* by G. K. Chesterton (Dodd, Mead & Co., N. Y., 1909).

flicts every whit as crucial as the adventures of mythical heroes. The child has to contend with "giants" who drag him around against his will (time to wash, eat, go to bed) or expose him to frightening experiences (hospitals, family moves, new schools).

Parents and teachers are not unlike the storybook giants; many are a little stupid and hard of hearing, so that in disciplining a child without completely understanding him, they do figuratively "devour" and "bewitch" him; their well-intentioned but clumsy upbringing denies him his essential right to grow and be himself.

When children are listened to by sensitive listeners they tell about their woes. Every child, in everyday life, lives with a "wicked step-mother" who appears inexplicably in his very own mother (unbeknownst to her, of course) side by

side with her more gentle "that's my real mother" qualities.

There is a little Rapunzel in my my block. She is well-fed and regally clothed but not allowed to move out of the "tower" of her yard, for fear she will discover light and life and enjoyment and become less the guarded treasure of her parents. What about youngsters who feel that an older brother is cruel, know that a child is favored; or the Cinderellas who must submit to the mocking of others in the household? What about the Hansels and Gretels whose parents feel that they would be more prosperous without children?

Why, in the midst of such psychic hazards, should children be denied their champions? In tales like *Green Pea John*, poor and loutish fellows outwit their landlords, or masters; even peasants prove cleverer than courtiers. The growing child has desperate need to be assured that the good, generous, and righteous (even the weak, helpless, spurned) will prevail over adversity.

In ignorance of the traditional heroes, a child's reading taste becomes readily perverted toward batmen and space rangers. It is sometimes argued that such are adequate substitutes for legendary heroes for the modern child—who, after all, no longer lives in an age of flying horses, but of jet planes. It doesn't take long to find out that the story qualities of the comic strip and

radio and TV serial are by no means sufficiently original, truthful or rich, but merely repetitive, sterile, and stereotyped.

In one small class of hand-capped readers there was an 11-year-old boy, bright, hostile; he came from a deprived home. Bruce listened attentively while I told of Perseus' fight with Medusa, of his adventures with the sea monster, and his triumph over the usurping king. At the end, Bruce quipped admiringly, "Hey, what comic book did ya' get that out of?"

What then might be the definition of classical children's literature? It is composed of inventions rich with glimpses of humanity which correspond to the eternal insight of the human psyche, embroidered with ever-fresh imaginative perceptions, embodied in forms which possess aesthetic qualities.

The Three Bears has persisted through the generations not only because we have decided it is child-like, or even because of its dramatic suspense. A creature which is at one and the same time the object of a child's terror (nightmare bears) and his affection (teddy bears) is here brought into a manageable environment (the little house, with its beloved chairs, bowls, and beds), yet remains forever a trifle threatening and mysterious. Goldilocks is a daring little girl adventuring into her dream world; after all, it is Baby Bear with whom she can deal most safely.

Now we know that the dark forests out of which witches, monsters, sprites, and heroes appear correspond closely to the deep areas of each growing child's bewildered unconscious. The primitive symbolism of folk tales, which often shocks the adult, may require no interpretation to the child.

If a teller of stories to children meets oversensitive reactions, these should be viewed as a form of signal: herein is a clue to the child's innermost problem of the moment. A child I know of once wept while a teacher was reading of the tenderness with which nurse put the children to bed in *Peter Pan*; this child's mother was never home at bedtime.

Children's judgments are more uncompromising than those of adults. But it is precisely here that good literature is of use, since it can promote courage and flexibility through vicarious emotional experience. Children should not miss the heartbeats of *Peter Rabbit*, the "satiabile curiosity" of the *Elephant Child*; the famous reciprocal hospitality of the town mouse and country mouse. The characters included in too many textbooks have no shading, no dimensions, no potential for growth—in fact, are entirely false to life itself.

It is no wonder, sometimes, that such high percentages of able and intelligent children show an aversion to reading. All the money lavished upon good clear print, good

paper, and attractive pictures is wasted when the quality of the reading matter is determined by a saccharine intent to make over human nature by moral precept. Cousin Tom is forever polite, neighbors are kindly and generous, parents un-naturally forbearing, sisters and brothers inhumanly considerate of one another's feelings and possessions; everyone is rich and lives in a white frame house. What on earth are children to expect of reading when they are offered such a hypocritical diet?

Prove to your children that reading is genuine communication, that it deals with feelings that are true and universal, with irritations as well as uplift, with tragedy as well as comedy, and that you don't have to know all the big words to understand the meaning. Read aloud and tell stories. Revive the children's classics, and inject powerful doses of enjoyment and effortless under-

standing into your school and home.

Good literature can serve as the bridge between the child's world and the adult world. The most vital communication which flows from fine story to reader or listener is best described as a wordless faith in life and in the worthwhileness of living. Somehow adults must convey to the child the simple message: "It's all right to grow up."

Children are properly quite doubtful about the joys of being grown up. Children live from minute to minute, preferring the satisfactions they know best (such as standing on one's head, being able to turn somersaults, trying out resistance to adult bossiness) to the unknown satisfactions of maturity. Literature is one door through which they can peek, but only if it is great literature, not contrived. Children's literature, like all other great literature, is faithful to life, not repressive but cathartic, and vibrant with courage.

INSIDE JOB

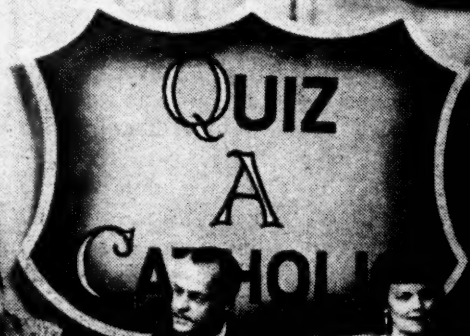
A man had applied for a job as a keeper at the zoo, but by the time he got there that vacancy had already been filled. "But don't feel bad," the boss said. "We are awfully short of apes. If you're willing to put on this skin, we can hire you for that job."

The man accepted the assignment, and entered so enthusiastically into his role that he became quite adept on the trapeze. Unfortunately he overdid his gymnastics one day and hurtled so far through the air that he landed in the lions' enclosure.

"Help!" he yelled, as a ferocious-looking lion approached him, growling ominously.

"Shut up!" snarled the lion. "Do you want us both to get fired?"

Malabar Herald (27 Sept. '57).



THOMAS OTOOLE

VICTOR STAUDT

MILLIE ZEIG

RICHARD MEDAN

The regular panel in action.

QUIZ-A-CATHOLIC

Father Matthews and Lee Cavanagh discuss program at the studio with KWK-TV director Larry Cooper before going on the air.





QUIZ-A-CATHOLIC

Tom O'Toole, guest panelist Lou Jackstadt (former mayor of Collinsville, Ill.), and Nellene Zeis. Since last October, the program, originating in St. Louis, Mo., is also seen in the Little Rock, Ark., area, on station KTHV-TV, channel 11.

Quiz-a-Catholic, the **kwx** television program started a year ago in St. Louis, Mo., is primarily a game that interests non-Catholics and Catholics alike. It has proved an outstanding success.

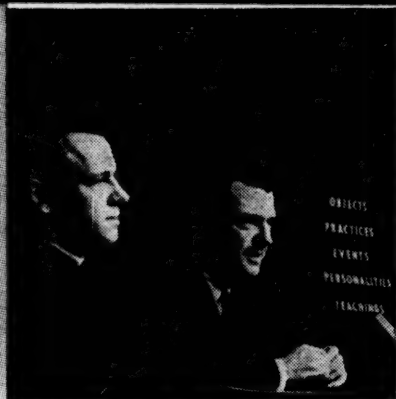
The show's format is simple. The public is invited to send in subjects which fall into one of five categories: objects, practices, events, personalities, teachings. A panel of four laymen seeks to identify the subject by asking questions capable of Yes or No answers. They have three minutes in which to arrive at the exact subject. When the subject has been identified, or the time limit reached, a guest priest expert gives a brief explanation of the topic. Each week a different priest expert is recruited from a local parish or Re-

ligious Order to provide these explanations.

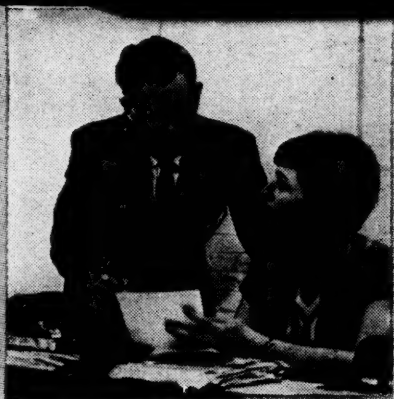
In essence, it is as simple as that. But such a description of the show omits its main features: the wide participation it generates and the fact that it makes religious instruction meaningful and entertaining.

Quiz-a-Catholic is the brain child of Father Francis J. Matthews, director of the Radio and TV apostolate of the Archdiocese of St. Louis, Mo. He modestly disclaims credit, saying it should go to a group of laymen who batted the idea around for weeks before coming up with the present format. However, behind the scenes, responsibility is entirely in his hands.

Mrs. John G. Walsh is the producer, and Lee Cavanagh, vice pres-



Father Thomas Mullen, guest priest, explains a subject the panel has tried to identify. With Father Mullen is emcee Lee Cavanagh.



Jim Hennesy and Ellen Sullivan, members of the staff of the TV apostolate, look over some of the 200 letters the show averages every week.

ident of an advertising firm and a professional of wide experience in radio and TV, acts as moderator.

Members of the regular panel are: Nellene Zeis, advertising research analyst, recently chosen outstanding alumna of Maryville col-

lege; Vic Staudt, assistant professor in the English department of St. Louis university; Tom O'Toole, appraiser for the St. Louis Land Clearance authority, ex-athlete and referee; and Richard Mehan, lawyer and teacher, who carries on a

"Quiz-a-Catholic" participants as seen through control window.





Technicians and producer Walsh hold themselves alert in control booth.

friendly feud with Lee over technical matters and rules of order.

One of the regulars yields place to a guest almost every week. Any Catholic is likely to find himself a guest on the panel. Housewives, policemen, nurses, athletes, professionals, and many others have appeared on the show.

Viewers who stump the panelists receive a statue of Our Lady of Television, designed by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen.

Mail response to *Quiz-a-Catholic* has exceeded all expectations. It has proved that, to be effective, religious programming must live up to the professional standards of commercial TV.

Father Matthews is convinced that the success of *Quiz-a-Catholic* could be easily duplicated in dozens of communities throughout the country, for no diocese is without equally well-informed laymen, and



Statue of Our Lady of Television, designed by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen: the prize given to viewers who suggest topics that stump the panel.

like KWK-TV, many local stations would gladly cooperate by allotting free time and technical assistance if they could be assured that the content and production of the religious program would be good TV. "The 20th-century apostle," Father Matthews points out, "can't ignore the power of television: he must make TV the channel of God's grace."

That Package You Didn't Order

Is it safe to toss it into your wastebasket?

WHAT DO YOU DO when your mailman leaves a package that you did not order? A necktie which you wouldn't wear to a dogfight, for example, or a phonograph record, when you don't own a record player. Every year, millions of Americans receive books, pictures, greeting cards, stamps, key-ring tags, and other articles which they did not order and do not want. And what is worse, they often don't know what to do with the stuff.

Consider the case of an elderly Floridian who recently received by mail a book which he had not ordered. He was almost blind and had not been able to read for years. He returned the book at his own expense. Shortly afterwards he received a bill for \$1.54. For months he received dunning letters, each more brazen and threatening than the preceding. Here is a sample.

"Next Friday at 5 P.M. our attorney will have this claim with instructions to sue you for breach of contract. In such event, he will be given full power to execute judg-



ment, when obtained, by attaching your earnings and bank account, as well as your personal and real property, in accordance with the law.

"This is not an attempt to bluff or scare you. This is a legitimate claim against you covered by iron-clad legally binding contract and will get full protection from the court having jurisdiction in this case.

"Silence will avail you nothing. Either you prove your good intentions here and now or deal with attorney in court. Payment must be sent at once, direct to this office."

*720 5th Ave., New York City 19. August, 1957. © 1957 by the American Legion, and reprinted with permission.

The old man finally went to his congressman, who in turn placed the whole series of despicable duns in the record of a Congressional subcommittee holding hearings on the problem of unordered merchandise.

Few Americans realize that mass mailing of unsolicited merchandise is a multimillion-dollar business. The National Kids' Day foundation, which mailed out cheap pens and asked for \$1 "to help underprivileged children," took in more than \$3.5 million a year. The Empire Associates and Dudley Sales Corp. promoted something called "The Handicapped War Veterans of America," which mailed the following tear jerker.

"Dear Fellow American: Every day you see one of them. Perhaps a leg is missing, or an arm. He might be in a wheelchair, or he might stand tall and straight with clothing hiding his wounds. He's the graying doughboy or the kid fresh from Korea. He's one of the handicapped war veterans, many of whom still lie in hospitals as the world swirls past them.

"The Handicapped War Veterans want to help these handicapped become self-supporting citizens. It is a long trail from the battlefield to the hospital, then home to gainful employment and a place in civilian life." The outfit also sold pens for \$1.

Indictments were obtained last year against five corporations and

seven individuals involved in schemes to trade on the natural sympathy of all Americans towards disabled veterans. From the appeals these operators had sent out, one would get an impression that a callous government turned all wounded veterans out into the streets to starve.

The sharp practices of unscrupulous mass mailers have now become a major headache for the Post Office department. Last year Congress had to set up its special subcommittee to study the problem. Some startling facts were disclosed. Oddly enough, there are no postal regulations governing the mailing of unordered merchandise.

Postal officials testified that large mailers of unsolicited goods number about 200. Some 50 of them are charitable, patriotic, or religious organizations that raise part or all of their annual budgets by sending out greeting cards and other items and asking for contributions. The Post Office apparently has had few complaints about them.

Several of the large commercial companies do an annual gross of \$1 million or more. They swamp the already overburdened mail system with millions of unordered books, records, pictures, gewgaws, and even stamps. Children who innocently write and ask for a "free packet" of stamps often receive approval books of stamps. If they fail to return them or if the returns are lost in the mail, parents are billed.

Postal authorities point out that the taxpayer gets soaked twice by the unordered-merchandise racket. He is taxed to make up the annual postal deficit, part of which is chargeable to carrying this type of 3rd-class matter at a loss. And he gets stuck with the problem of deciding what to do with unwanted neckties.

If he returns the merchandise, he pays the postage. If he buys it, he gets hooked two ways. 1. He pays for something he does not want, and pays far more than it is worth. 2. His name goes on a sucker list. This list is then sold to other grafters.

If recipients of such merchandise knew the law and bothered to read fine print, they would save money, time, and trouble. A couple of years ago, postal authorities haled into Federal court in Pittsburgh one Murray Kram, who headed the Religious Distributing Company of Pittsburgh. Kram mailed out more than a million small crucifixes, which he had bought for less than a nickel each from Europe. Because the package also contained a prayer, most recipients probably assumed that the dollar which they sent for the crucifix went to a worthy religious cause.

However, the enclosed circular plainly read: "Operated solely for the benefit of Murray Kram." In 1956, Kram was convicted of using the mails to defraud, but last September, the U.S. Third Circuit

Court of Appeals unanimously reversed his conviction. The postal inspectors estimated his daily take as \$1,300.

Americans had donated well over half a million dollars to the "benefit of Murray Kram."

Murray's father, Max Kram, and two uncles, Henry and Abraham, operated a similar business out of Miami. This one masqueraded as the "Catholic Products of America." They mailed out more than a million cheap rosaries which they bought in great quantities for a few cents each. The Post Office took a \$13,704 loss handling this merchandise as 3rd-class matter.

Murray Kram's trial revealed a new skill which even *What's My Line?* had failed to turn up. One of Kram's employees testified that he was a "scratcher." Judge March asked him what a scratcher did. The man explained that Kram secured telephone books from all over the U. S., and that his job was to go through the books scratching out what he guessed to be non-Catholic names.

The puzzled judge asked just how he managed to pick out Catholic names, and the "scratcher" explained that he assumed most Italian, Irish, Spanish, and Slavic names would be Catholic. By scratching telephone directories he had compiled a sucker list of 5 million "Catholic" names.

What can one do with unordered merchandise? The Post Office depart-

ment refrains from giving specific advice. The department's solicitor told the Congressional subcommittee, "My office generally declines to give advice on the liability of the addressee, since this would involve no federal law and any liability would be under that of the individual state where the merchandise is received."

He added that he personally threw such trash into the wastebasket and left it up to the mailer to "do his worst." He remarked, "Like many of the public, I resent being bothered by schemes to obligate me to pay for what I did not order and do not want."

Other postal officials have said that this simple solution may not be legal in some states. Some courts have ruled that the recipient of such mail assumes a contract when he receives, accepts, and then uses the goods.

Better Business bureaus give the following advice: you are not obliged by law to acknowledge receipt of such merchandise; nor to return it; nor pay for it unless you use it; nor give it any particular care; nor to keep it beyond a reasonable length of time. You are obliged to surrender it to the shipper or his agent, if it is called for in person within a reasonable length of time. In this event, you can demand reasonable storage charges before handing it back.

However, there is a much simpler way to handle the problem. Don't

open the package, since doing so constitutes acceptance. Just hand it back to your mailman with the single word *Refused* written on the face of the package near the address. You do not have to sign your name, state any reason for refusing to accept the package, nor fill out any forms. Postal regulations assume that receiving any class of mail is not an obligation. You can refuse to receive a registered letter, if you suspect that it is a dunning letter, summons, or the work of a practical joker.

Postal regulations provide for the disposition of all classes of refused mail. First-class mail, including certified and registered, is returned to the sender with a notice that it may not be sent again to the addressee. Parcel post and certain other mail bearing a return-postage-guaranteed statement are sent back as soon as the mailer sends adequate postage.

Circulars and publications are destroyed. In the case of unwanted publications, the post office sends a form notice to the mailer that the publication is unmailable to the addressee, who has refused to accept it. This procedure protects citizens against being placed on the mailing lists of subversive or crackpot organizations.

Remember, you are not obliged to accept any mail that you do not want. Just write *Refused* on the address side, and hand the item back to your mailman.

My Happiest Day

I had praised God with men of several faiths, and had ignored Him with agnostics: now I came home to Him

MOST PERSONS FOLLOW the religious persuasion of their parents. They are Catholics, Protestants or Jews because their parents are Catholics, Protestants or Jews. My mother was born into the Church of England, or Protestant Episcopal church, as it is known in the U.S. My father comes from a long line of Orthodox Jewish rabbis. God has given me the grace to become a Roman Catholic.

My mother died when I was a boy. When I was eight, my father sent me to weekly school at the Reformed Central synagogue in New York City. I attended for two years. There I learned about the great Jewish patriarchs of the Old Testament. During the same period I went to the Friends' seminary, a wonderful Quaker day school, where I first learned about Jesus Christ.

It was all rather confusing to me. The Jewish school, of course, denied the divinity of Christ, yet from day to day I learned from my Quaker friends the wonderful stories of his nativity, crucifixion, and resurrection from the dead. I cannot

remember any time during my boyhood when I did not accept these facts concerning Christ.

At the Quaker school, I looked forward every year to the beautiful Christmas pageant. The young girls looked lovely dressed as angels; and every Christmas eve one of them had the privilege of portraying the Virgin Mary. I remember playing one of the three kings who followed the star of Bethlehem to pay tribute to our Lord. I hope the Friends' seminary still carries on its Christmas pageant.

At my request, my father withdrew me from the Jewish school in my 10th year. Even at that early age, religion without the Deity incarnate in the person of Christ had little meaning for me.

When we moved to uptown Manhattan, my father sent me to another religious school. I went to the Collegiate school which adjoins the Dutch Reformed Collegiate church. The Dutch Reformed is a Calvinist

Eric Sokolsky is the son of newspaper columnist and radio commentator George Sokolsky.

Protestant denomination; it is the established church of Holland.

Every morning before class we went to chapel. The service opened with a doxology: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow; praise Him all creatures here below; praise Him above, ye heavenly host; praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost." Then followed the Glory Be to the Father, the Lord's Prayer, and a hymn from the Protestant hymnal for young people. In those days I played the piano. I would often accompany the singers in their morning hymn of praise to God. Although one of my grandparents was a rabbi, I seemed to fit quite well into the Christian tradition.

When I was 16, I fell in love with a Catholic Cuban girl. She provided my first contact with the Catholic Church. I used to go to Mass with her at St. Patrick's cathedral. I had no idea of what the Church taught. I knew only that its ritual was warm, majestic, powerful. Going to Mass, especially solemn high Mass, at St. Patrick's became a thrilling experience for me. For the first time, I felt that I was in the presence of God.

At that time I prayed that God would someday lead me into the Catholic faith. It is not easy for a 16-year-old to become a Catholic when his family is not of that faith.

I must admit that my interest in Catholicism, though genuine and sincere, was too much associated with my interest in that beautiful

Cuban girl. When we no longer saw each other, I lost my enthusiasm for the Church. But had my family permitted me to take instructions during this period, I am sure I would have become a Catholic 12 years earlier than I did.

Shortly thereafter, I entered Harvard university. Some of my fellow students attended church services at Christ church (Episcopal) and I decided, in view of my partially Anglican background, to become an Episcopal communicant. I attended morning prayer every Sunday and enjoyed the beauty and simplicity of the Episcopal service. But I found the contradictions bewildering.

I soon became an agnostic. Most of the courses in philosophy, psychology, and even religion were taught from the secular point of view. At no time was the divinity of Christ taught as truth, as historical fact; Christ was one of many gods whom man has created to satisfy his religious instincts.

Religion was like a cadaver, to be dissected into small bits. Only the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas stood out to me like a beacon light. St. Thomas was logical and rational. I had studied Plato and Aristotle; the Angelic Doctor's synthesis of Aristotelian philosophy and Christian doctrine made great sense to me. But all the same, the truth of Christianity, like many other things, seemed to me a matter of unproved opinion rather

than fact, and I was graduated from Harvard in 1948 a confirmed agnostic.

I moved to Hollywood a year later, and settled into the easy freedom of materialistic life. In a city with religious and moral views as varied as they are in Hollywood, it is easy to be completely unaware of the existence of God.

Nevertheless, at Christmas, 1954, I felt a sudden urge to go to church.⁴ I remembered how happy I had been at Mass ten years before. I attended Christmas services at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, and stayed for Benediction. A feeling came over me such as I had never before had, a feeling of oneness with God.

A short time later I asked Father Edwin F. Carr, S.J., to explain to me several key doctrines of the Church. These were: 1. the existence of God; 2. the divinity of Christ; 3. the divine origin of the Church and its authority to teach all men the dogmas of religion.

The existence of God was proved to me from the order in the universe and by the fact that there must be a primary cause. I was gradually convinced that Christ had proved his divinity by his miracles. I came to realize with Thomas Merton "that Christ was the Son of God; that, in Him, the Second Person of the Holy Trinity, God had assumed a human nature, a human body and soul, and had taken flesh and dwelt amongst us, full of grace

and truth; and that this Man, whom men called the Christ, was God. And his works were the works of God; his acts were the acts of God. He loved us: God; and walked among us: God; and died for us on the cross: God of God, Light of Light, true God of true God.

"Jesus Christ was not simply a man, a good man, a great man, the greatest prophet, a wonderful healer, a saint: He was something that made all such trivial words pale into irrelevance. He was God."

When this became clear to me I had no choice but to take Catholic instruction. It was plain that since Jesus Christ is God, He speaks with the authority of God. It followed that He founded a single, unified Church, a Church that is one, holy, catholic (universal), and apostolic, whose claims to be the true Church have withstood the test of time and cannot logically be refuted. The words of our Lord, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," are as true today as when He spoke them to Peter, the original predecessor to Pope Pius XII.

It became crystal clear to me that when Christ established his Church, it had to be the repository for unified truth. This Church could not possibly be a conglomeration of hundreds of sects, each teaching its own interpretation of the words of Christ. It followed, therefore, that

in accepting the guidance of the Church that Christ founded, I was showing my true faith in God.

By fulfilling the prophecies of the Old Law, Christ proved Himself to be the long-expected Messias. Moreover, He claimed to be the Son of God and demonstrated the truth of his claim by his numerous miracles, especially by the miracle of his resurrection. Hence, the Church which He founded must be the true Church, and thus Catholicism is the flowering of Judaism. Consequently, in entering the Catholic

Church, I was not ceasing to be a Jew but was merely entering into my inheritance: the inheritance long promised to Israel.

I came into the Catholic Church through logical reasoning and prayer. I became convinced of the Church's teachings through prayer and study. I thank God that He heard my prayers and gave me the gift of faith. On my 28th birthday, Feb. 12, 1955, I was baptized by Father Carr at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Hollywood. It was the happiest day of my life.



HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

I watched with dread as two couples with a total of five children moved into the apartment next door. They were from east Texas; after finding jobs here in Houston they had decided to take any housing available. Later, I observed with disgust that they had not even had the electricity turned on, but were burning kerosene lamps. I tried to avoid them as much as I could, and spurned all their efforts to be friendly.

Christmas eve arrived, and I was feeling at peace with all the world—except my neighbors. But I decided that it just couldn't be, so with a sense of effort (of which I felt ashamed) I invited the children in to see our Christmas tree. They stood with shining faces, and one shrill voice announced, "Ours will burn candles." Immediately I visualized the building on fire, and wished my neighbors back in east Texas.

Christmas morning one of the children greeted me with, "Mama fixin' to light the candles." I was led into a room crowded with happy faces, and watched the women light the candles on a huge pine tree. The decorations were apples, oranges, stick candy, and strings of popcorn. Never had I seen anything more lovely than that old-fashioned Christmas tree.

My neighbors had wanted to share their bit of beauty. The candles burned only for a few minutes, but in a sense they burn still—in my memory of that real Christmas.

June M. Foreman.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

By Peter Wyden
*Condensed from "Coronet"**



Men of the Maltese Cross

Their knighthood is still in flower

THE YOUNG men were wearing red arm bands with eight-cornered white crosses. It was a midnight last winter on the snowbound Austro-Hungarian border. The men were border runners who knew when and where refugees would try to slip through the Iron Curtain. Soon a band of Hungarians stumbled into Austria. The young men picked them up in jeeps and trucks bearing a white cross and drove them to a farmhouse. There, other young men with similar arm insignia waited with sandwiches and big mugs of steaming tea.

Whenever necessary, the men with the arm bands dashed across the frontier to help refugees who were lost or too scared or sick to attempt a crossing. Soon refugees and relief workers were relaying tales of their ingenuity in outwitting Red border guards.

The arm bands of the border runners showed they belonged to

the oldest papal Order of laymen, the Knights of Malta. The eight-cornered emblem was the Maltese cross; its first appearance was on the red surcoats worn by knights who rode and fought through the Holy Land during the Crusades.

Today, the Maltese knights number some 5,000 throughout the world, including 550 in America. They maintain diplomatic representatives in France, the Vatican, Spain, Portugal, Haiti, Argentina, Brazil, Panama, and San Salvador. They still issue their own passports, which are recognized by the nations with which the Order maintains official relations.

The Order is most active in Italy. Its international headquarters, in Rome's fashionable Via Condotti, enjoys extraterritorial status. Official Maltese vehicles are even permitted to bear their own license plates with the legend SMOM: Sovereign Military Order of Malta. Throughout Italy, the knights maintain hospitals, dispensaries, children's homes, and emigration centers. They also operate their own

*488 Madison Ave., New York City 22. September, 1957. © 1957 by Esquire, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

fleet of ambulances and sea-rescue planes.

Recruited from the ranks of Europe's noblest knights, the Maltese were first known as the Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. They operated the only hostelrys and hospitals available to the crusaders on their wearying trek. They were also in charge of the military defense of the Holy Land. Fighting the Moslems with the aid of knights from other Orders, they habitually performed the most hazardous duties, usually as front and rear guards. Forced to flee by the fall of Jerusalem, the wearers of the eight-cornered cross eventually established headquarters on the island of Malta. They moved to Rome after the island's conquest by Napoleon.

In America, as in much of the rest of the free world, the knights now confine themselves mostly to the support of charities and appearances on ceremonial occasions. Invariably, only prominent laymen belong. All must have been active in Catholic organizations.

The spiritual head of the American knights is Francis Cardinal Spellman; the lay head is Marquis George MacDonald, a retired New York financier. Among the rank and file are former Ambassador to Great Britain Joseph P. Kennedy, Atomic Energy Commissioner Thomas E. Murray, House Majority Leader John McCormack, American Legion Commander John S. Gleason, and newspaper corre-

spondent Robert B. Considine. New York, Boston, Chicago, and St. Louis are among the cities where the knights are represented.

Appointed to membership by the Rome headquarters of the knights, usually upon recommendation of their local bishops, the U.S. knights contribute to a good-sized list of Catholic charities and make their own funds available for disaster relief anywhere in the world.

Resplendent in bright red coats and dark blue trousers, the knights furnish honor guards for important occasions (such as the Baptism of Princess Caroline of Monaco).

In Austria, the Maltese Knights have about 300 members, including notables like Foreign Minister Leopold Figl and members of the aristocracy. Together with their youth organization, numbering another 300-odd men, Austria's knights normally congregate for gentle pursuits like lectures or chess. But they also finance such enterprises as homes for unmarried mothers, and wherever there is an emergency requiring strong hands, they pitch in.

When Hungarians began pouring across the Austrian border by the thousands, Maltese from 20 nations sent cases of warm clothes and canned foods to a temporary storage depot in the palatial Vienna art gallery belonging to Prince Franz Josef of Liechtenstein. Italian Maltese persuaded the Fiat auto works to lend jeeps. American Maltese began raising money. German Mal-

tese dispatched teams of relief workers with their own trucks and ambulances.

Meanwhile, 21 Austrian knights turned their chateaux into small camps for Hungarian students and intellectuals. Wives and daughters of the Maltese appeared in the big camps to volunteer as nurses' aides, cooks, and clean-up squads.

But, most significantly, the Maltese recognized that their Order was sufficiently informal, flexible and obscure, and its members willing enough to assume personal risks, to take on certain unofficial duties at the border which the more elaborate relief organizations were neither free nor equipped to perform.

The Russians were too preoccupied with the bloody events in Hungary to keep more than half an eye on the border. The fate of the escaping refugees fell into the hands of four groups: the Austrian border guards, who were under strict orders to prevent incidents that might compromise their country's neutrality; the Hungarian border police, often sympathetic to the escapees but always determined not to get into trouble with their Russian bosses; the Hungarian guides who had gone into the profitable but dangerous business of conducting refugees across the frontier for cash; and finally, the native populations on both sides of the border, largely friendly to the refugees but too poor to help them much.

The Maltese made friends with all four parties. They drafted the willing Austrian guards to help hunt for refugees who had lost their way in the ice-rutted no-man's land where Hungarian families sometimes plodded despairingly for miles without knowing that they had long ago crossed the frontier.

Next, the Maltese persuaded Hungarian border guards to furnish details of troop movements (typical compensation for a cooperating officer: two bottles of cognac weekly). Other communist troopers helped because they found that the Maltese, on request, helped the troopers' friends in Hungarian border towns with such almost nonexistent essentials as razor blades and medicines. Occasionally, the Maltese were able to make arrangements with Hungarian workmen who had access to Soviet border posts and were willing, in exchange for food, to spy on the movements of the Russians.

The resulting information was so complete that the men with the arm bands were able to tackle just about any border mission. There was, for example, that strangest of underground railroads: a steady trickle of Hungarian refugees anxious to return from Austria to Hungary. In one case, a woman doctor led her two daughters and a son-in-law from Budapest to Austria and then wanted to return home to live with her doctor husband. The Maltese arranged to have

a guide that could lead her safely back.

The Maltese took their lives in their hands almost nightly. They were under orders from their leaders never to venture into Hungary. It was an open secret, however, that when an emergency arose they let their hearts rule their heads.

One bitter cold dawn, for instance, a young German count who had taken time off from his law practice in Western Germany and had not slept for more than 40 hours, returned from a check of haystacks within Hungary where the guides were known to deposit refugees when the going got too rough. He had insisted on making certain that no people were freezing to death in the hay.

Most of the Maltese worked along the frontier all night, and snatched a few hours of sleep during the day. Some commuted between their night-time border duties and their jobs in Vienna, 50 miles or more distant. Many were college students who cut classes with the unofficial consent of their professors. Among those was a sensitive, soft-voiced young man who calls himself Johannes Hohenberg. His real identity: Duke Johannes von Hohenberg, grandson of Archduke Franz Ferdinand, whose murder at Sarajevo started the 1st World War.

One night, pink-cheeked Baron

Elmar von Haxthausen, a German member of the Order, was patrolling the border in an all-enveloping fog when he stumbled onto three men carrying nothing but violins. They were gypsies. Somewhere in the fog, they told him excitedly, another 30 gypsies were wandering about, lost.

What to do? Haxthausen reflected briefly. Then he suggested that the gypsies play their violins.

"What should we play?"

"Whatever you play best," Haxthausen replied.

The gypsies launched into Johann Strauss' *The Bat*. Before they were well into it, two more violinists emerged from the fog. Inside of an hour, in straggling groups, the entire band had been guided to safety by the sound of their own music.

Thanks to their superb intelligence system, the Maltese learned quickly of every new trick of the Russians to stop the refugee traffic. In one area, the Soviets moved the border posts to give the escapees the idea that they were safe in Austria when they were not, thereby prompting them to throw off their caution. The Maltese put the posts back where they belonged.

As Sister Kaethe Wierling of the West German Red Cross put it, "I never heard of the Knights of Malta before—but they certainly get things done."



But I've Seen Niagara Falls!

*When Earth's last picture is taken,
it will be okay with her*

IT HAS BEEN SAID that the art of picture taking has reached its zenith in the 20th century. Well, at least it has reached something: my breaking point! I refer to the idea held by an ever-increasing number of picture takers that other people (including me) will enjoy spending an evening looking at their colored transparencies.

In the beginning, people were honest about it. The wife of a team who had made a trip would call up and say straight out, "Our pictures are back! (Pictures always go somewhere and then come back.) We're dying to see them, and we thought we'd have a few friends in Saturday night." Now, the picture takers have found a more subtle approach: the buffet supper or even a "spot of bridge."

A spot of bridge, indeed! A cursory glance about the room on entering shows how the wind is blowing. If there is an old sheet, neatly folded, on top of the piano, beware. You're in for it.

After a green salad, garlic bread,



and something in a casserole with a flame under it, the hostess makes her pitch. "It's really a bit late for bridge," she confides vaguely; and then, on a higher note, as if the idea had just entered her head, "Why don't you show just a few of our pictures, Joe?"

But Joe is already whipping out the old sheet. (The projector has been set up all day.) With the air of a master he inexplicably orders everyone to change chairs, orders the lights off, orders them on again, puts three books under something, takes one out, orders the lights off again, and puts a slide in upside down.

Pictures fall roughly into four categories: 1. *Departure*. 2. *Body of Trip*. 3. *Coming Home*. 4. *Miscellaneous*.

Departure pictures are always in generous supply, since enthusiasm runs high at the start of a trip. The first "must," apparently, is a picture of the means of transportation. This would be understandable if it were a kayak or homemade zeppelin, but it is always either a car, plane, train or ship. As everyone knows exactly what these look like, one is hard put to find something to say other than "Hmm" when a neighbor's familiar old Chevie flashes on the screen. The neighbor will ordinarily say, "There's the old bus, all gassed up and ready to go."

Quite a few people leave on ships, frequently on foggy days. Some concentrate on pictures of the half-painted customs sheds, which give the departure scenes a down-at-heel look. Others wait until they are aboard to capture partial view of decks, bow, and a confusion of wires and masts.

Most ships are reluctant to move, and have to be nuzzled into the clear by tugs. There is always a picture of a tug playing sheep dog. It is "our tug." All tugs look exactly alike. Ships are forever "taking on" pilots. Nobody has ever seen a pilot, but everyone has a picture of tender arriving, presumably with pilot, and tender departing, presumably without pilot.

Departure pictures taken from

planes are usually few, for planes depart at a tidy clip. When they do occur, the horizon usually bisects the picture almost vertically, airport buildings are standing on their sides, and relatives are lying on the ground, waving arms outstretched.

Body of Trip pictures fall into two subsections: *People Met* and *Scenes Seen*. These are the meat of the collection. There are an awful lot of them.

Among *People Met* there is always "a perfect scream." The host or hostess will recall one or two of his bon mots, and when these don't quite come off the hostess will explain that "it wasn't *what* he said, it was the way he said it." The "scream" usually looks innocuous enough, faintly like the milkman who never says anything but "How many?" or "Cold enough for you?"

Frequently there is a couple who "seemed to have loads of money but were quite nice!" And every self-respecting group of travel films features one absolutely "grand couple" whom "we hope to have up sometime," or "we plan to visit next Easter." Statistics show that such plans do not materialize.

Scenes Seen frequently turn out very well and look exactly like travel-folder pictures. Here your host's creative urge has come to full flower; you are expected to comment on each picture. "Good composition" can be applied to anything that isn't downright woolly, and will cause the cameraman to

chuckle modestly. "Unusual treatment" can be used with discretion. All photographers want full credit for clouds, light, and shadow. One is hard put when it comes to the Statue of Liberty, the Eiffel Tower, the Changing of the Guard, and similar things. If you have seen these yourself, you can mutter mysteriously about the memories they bring back; otherwise declare firmly that they fill you with a great wanderlust.

Some fortunate viewers report that they have never seen any *Coming Home* pictures. Their hosts ran out of either film or enthusiasm. Even when *Coming Home* pictures are shown there are not too many of them. The return journey has usually been made at a brisk canter, looking neither to right nor left. The pictures include more airports, ship parts, and motels. So similar are these views to departure pictures that they frequently give rise to discussion between host and hostess as to which they actually are.

If they have included themselves in the pictures they settle the matter by the clothes they are wearing in them. They have found the most marvelous bargains on their journey, and people who would never

dream of telling you what they paid for a spatula on the home ground will tell you exactly what everything purchased on the trip cost, down to the last pair of argyles. And the quality! You can see for yourself as soon as the lights go on.

But not yet! There's *Miscellaneous*, remember? These are mercifully few; they were taken to "finish up the roll." They are the best of the lot, having been snapped without forethought or assistance from the light meter, which at this point couldn't be found. They feature such items as Rover burying a bone in the neighbor's petunias or Joe manfully helping to hang out an enormous wash, a by-product of the trip. His wife just up and snapped him with his mouth full of clothespins. Anyway, this will be your favorite picture because it is the last one.

Some overly polite viewers have been known to mumble, "Aw, is that all?" Don't! It is wise at this point to be helpful and turn on all the lights, fast. Last year's trip is just a drawer away, and, if you're careless, before you can stretch a muscle you'll be into the second part of a double feature, or the late, late show.

» » » »

LAST LAUGH

A man who has always considered those little foreign cars amusing pulled up next to one at a traffic light in New York. As he eyed the pint-sized auto, fighting back a grin, he noticed a little sign in the car's rear window. "Don't laugh," the sign suggested, "It's paid for."

Tide (9 Aug. '57).

Vocations Are Never Too Late

*How it feels to be both the 'old man'
and the 'new boy' in a seminary*

FOUR YEARS AGO, when I was 27, my future seemed good. I was "moving up" as assistant to the advertising director of a manufacturing firm. Today, my future looks even better. One short year remains before my ordination to the priesthood.

Every year, any number of men abandon promising and lucrative careers in business, law, medicine—and advertising—to enter seminaries. Their friends and associates shake their heads in a unison of disbelief and misunderstanding, and say, "How could he do it? Think of the money he's losing! And what a terribly difficult adjustment to make at his age."

It is; but the many older men (they range from 30 to 65) ordained each year are proof that it can and has been done. For me, at least, the greatest obstacle was overcome the day I quit my job, convinced that I should make the try.

My friends shook their heads, too. A non-Catholic college classmate said, "I can't help thinking what a loss you'll be to the trade. When did this big religious change come about?"

As a matter of fact, very few "late" vocations are actually late. They are usually delayed by circumstances, not by disappointment in business or romance. Some men, of course, do get a sudden dramatic awareness that what they want in life is meant for them in the priesthood. I was not one of them.

From my days as a high-school freshman I felt an attraction to the priesthood (most Catholic boys do) and for several years I was certain that it was nothing more than an attraction. A few of my teachers, priests in a Catholic school, thought otherwise. But I was relieved when my entrance into a minor seminary was put off by army duty during the 2nd World War.

Then my bishop got me to thinking about the priestly life again after the war when I interviewed him for a journalism thesis. He was quite frank when he told me to get my degree in journalism before entering any seminary, and though I did not realize it at the time, it was my first lesson in the prudence of the hierarchy.

The sudden death of my father

the year I had planned to enroll stopped me for the third time, and three times means out in any game. I was convinced that the seminary just was not for me. But I had not counted on the dogged tenacity of a dynamic priest who had taught me high-school Latin. His constant encouragement for five years kept the notion of a vocation alive if not quite always flaming.

"You'll never learn to swim until you jump in and get your feet wet," he said to me, and I knew he was right. It was not quite as simple as that nor was it easy at the time to turn my back on the "good things" of life, repeat the same answers to hundreds of people, and eat my last dinner with my family. But the decision had been made.

The day I walked into the quietude of those massive grounds I felt lower than a duck's instep, and with the slightest encouragement I probably would have turned tail. The tweeds, the sports coats, the charcoal grays had been stored away, and I donned that slightly baggy, sometimes snugly cut black lintcatcher. I walked into my residence hall, and for the first time in years, at the age of 27, I was the "new boy" in school.

For me, seminarians can be classified into two groups. They comprise the very young (anyone under 25) and the very old (anyone older than I). All have the same goal, even though it is reached by per-

sonal and varied routes. At the outset I convinced myself, halfheartedly, that I was there to become a priest no matter what it might mean. But by far the majority of new students at a major seminary have had some experience with Religious and in community life, a bond that gives them an immediate sense of understanding. It was into that foreign affinity that I had stepped.

I found myself in a small group one of those first days, each of us parrying for information. The talk centered around minor seminaries and where each one had "prepped." When my turn came I solemnly announced that I had prepped at the University of Minnesota. There was silence; then the incredulous faces smiled; the ice was broken.

The first year I lived on a floor with the very, very young. I studied their salubrious faces, and suddenly felt that the gray starting at my temples was no longer the look of distinction but rather of extinction. A classmate was the youngest brother of a lad I had attended high school with, and one evening at supper he told the whole table, which meant the whole school, that I was as old as his brother Leo, who was the father of several school-age children. The question of my age had been somewhat a proud matter when I was doing well in advertising; overnight, the feeling was reversed.

But as time went on and sem-

inarians began calling me Gramps and Uncle Jim I knew that the barrier was something of my own making. The refreshing openness of their questions on a hundred subjects was their tribute to the maturity they thought my background must have given me.

"Stay young in heart the way you are now," one of the faculty told me, "and you'll never notice the gray."

There is no magic equation which melds a variety of ages, backgrounds, and tastes into a homogeneous whole, but an additional proof of the divinity of the Church might be that just such a leveling does take place in a seminary. Of course, the anonymity of a cassock and collar does its bit.

The 19-year-old baby-face from Illinois and I struck a balance when I encouraged him to put his husky voice to work in dramatics. Now he will not take a role unless I approve. The athletic 21-year-old from Iowa merely nodded and conversed awkwardly until I trounced him at tennis. Last summer I spent a delightful week visiting with him and his family. And just to keep the ledger straight in the upper brackets, a 36-year-old Anglican convert became one of my closest friends simply by spending time over a cup of coffee. Not until his ordination did I realize that to him I was one of the semiyoung.

Surprisingly enough, settling down to highly speculative (and practi-

cal) studies was a small side of adjusting to seminary life. It was a chaotic jump from the relative intellectual independence of creative writing to the disciplined boundaries of philosophy and theology, but not an impossible one. Theology cannot be learned by osmosis, but then neither can algebra.

The challenge of absorbing the very heart of Catholic teaching has been far more exciting than anything I ever did in advertising. But don't misunderstand; it was not easy, and I doubt if classwork ever will be for me, but it can be done. I had to learn that I could not be the bright boy of the class. The very young can handle that department more effectively.

Many of my friends have asked me how a seminarian can possibly spend up to six years learning how to say Mass and administer the sacraments. "Doesn't the monotony and repetition just about kill you?"

I am revealing no clerical secrets when I say that a seminarian learns to say Mass his last year before ordination. Monotony is a device of our own thinking, and there is little room in a seminary schedule for boredom. I have found a whole new world of thought—and of people—in my studies. Our time is devoted first and most importantly to developing the spiritual life, but the classwork embodies dogmatic and moral theology, philosophy, Scripture, history, economics, canon

law, liturgy, art, music—and Latin. The day a priest is ordained he begins to put his knowledge to work, and his education has come about by design, not accident.

The biggest fear assailing any older seminarian probably is that attending the surrender of personal responsibility. Suddenly, after many years of making his own decisions, he finds them made for him by bell, rule of the house, or faculty directive. But his greatest fear can become his smallest, because seminary professors are thoughtful and helpful. They know the difficulties facing an elder student and do everything they can to help over rough spots.

A priest who had entered the major seminary after ten years as a practicing attorney told me that more than once he was on the brink of leaving because he just did not take to regimentation of any sort. "If it hadn't been for my dogma prof telling me that he felt the same way as a student, people in my parish wouldn't be referring to me now as the oldest new priest in the diocese!"

Some seminaries might be giving way to housing developments if every seminarian carried his thoughts to fruition each time he *felt* like packing his trunks. No matter how intense a student may be about his vocation, there is no escaping the periods of loneliness and occasional doubts. There are times when I hate to close my door for the long

study hour in the evening. Some nights I have done nothing more than turn out the lights and look out my window. I have known times when a play by Chekhov attracted me much more than a philosophy book.

Sometimes I do not feel like speaking with my tongue, yet a torrent of conversation goes on inside me, thundering question after question. From my open window I often hear the full-throated cheering at a football game from a neighboring college, and feel the thrill of a touchdown or savor the taste of popcorn. And where yesterday a walk around the grounds might have been beautiful, bucolic, and refreshing, today I might see only the mud, the dark clusters of somber, ancient trees, and fast, colorful cars speeding by free as a spring breeze from the Mississippi.

Then I notice one of the very young walking alone, or looking out a dusty window, or listening to Beethoven when the bright sunshine seems to call for Brahms. Then we talk, and I know that age is the accidental, not the essential. And I know that I am really not different from the others. The days pass into years and the years into a pattern for the future, and suddenly I will be on the threshold of ordination. The apprehensions will have faded into the background, and behind me will be the very young waiting for their day.

The assistant at my home parish

told me before I started at the seminary not to let age and experience bother me with the younger students. "Look at Cardinal McIntyre," he said. "He was older than you when he was ordained, and see where he ended up."

I will never be a cardinal, but as I stand in line for Confession or enter the chapel for Mass, I can look at the quiet majesty of altar and sanctuary and say to myself, "Someday, old man, someday they'll call you Father."

NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

Of the more than 3,000 languages of the world, none has so vast and varied a vocabulary as English. Our language contains words drawn from every quarter of the globe, all periods of history, and all great civilizations. It is estimated that over half of our English words come from Latin.

In Latin, *venire* means to come. Twelve words formed from this root are listed in Column A. Match them with their meanings found in Column B.

Column A

1. circumvent
2. convene
3. revenue
4. eventuality
5. advent
6. inventive
7. interventionist
8. revenant
9. preventive
10. parvenu
11. subvention
12. contravene

Column B

- a) Any coming; arrival; approach.
- b) To come together in a body; to assemble.
- c) Person who has come to a high station in life, usually in a bad sense; an upstart.
- d) Return from investment; money that comes from taxes or duties.
- e) To infringe; to oppose; to come or go against.
- f) To surround; to gain advantage over by deception; to "come round."
- g) Possible outcome or condition.
- h) One returned from death; scientific term for a ghost.
- i) One who comes between by way of modification or hindrance.
- j) Able and apt to come upon; quick at contrivance.
- k) Act of coming under, especially with relief or money.
- l) Precautionary; pertaining to that "coming before."
(Answers on page 123)

What Exercise Does for You

Dr. Paul Dudley White, one of the President's physicians, tells why you needn't be afraid to move those muscles

ONCE AGAIN, doctors are stressing the value of exercise for both physical and mental health. What are the chief benefits of exercise?

Can golf, tennis, and other sports safely be taken up by a person past middle age? How should one resume exercise after being away from it for years? For the answers to these and other questions, *U.S. News & World Report* interviewed Dr. Paul Dudley White, a noted heart specialist who is one of President Eisenhower's medical advisers.

Q. Dr. White, do you regard exercise as important for everyone?

A. I think it is as important as many other things that we do, such as eating, sleeping, working. I wonder whether some people have ever had the remarkably pleasant experience of relaxing fatigue after hard exercise. It's time we recognize the usefulness of that relationship to health—not just exercise for the sake of exercise, but for the benefits



that both the exercise and the fatigue can bring, especially to the mental worker. Those who work with their minds need more physical relaxation than those whose jobs call for a certain amount of walking.

Q. What do you consider suitable exercise?

A. I think the best exercises are the ones that are most interesting, because the interest induces one to keep them up. Gymnastic exercise, calisthenics, or stair climbing can

help, but they're not as interesting as golf, bicycling, swimming or fishing, which can be just as valuable in improving the tone of the muscles.

Q. What kind of ground rules would you lay down for a person past middle age who contemplates taking exercise?

A. First, he should have a physical examination and a talk with his family doctor. The family doctor knows the person pretty well. If there's anything especially wrong, then a consultant may have to be called in, but the family doctor is the one he should first consult.

Then he should plan his life, according to his own desires and work, and the needs of his family. He should include a plan of exercise. He may need to lose some weight; or to establish better habits of rest; he may need to smoke less; he may need to do several things that he isn't doing. Exercise and better health habits may make it unnecessary for him to get so much medical help later on.

Q. Is there a point in a person's life when he should start thinking about what kind of exercise he should take, and whether he should taper off or step it up?

A. No. Some persons are younger at 60 than others at 40. The arteries may show wear and tear in certain persons who are young in years, whereas an older one may be

in excellent health at 60, 70, or 80. I have one patient who is 107; he is in quite good health, walks a mile or two a day, and is quite clear mentally.

Q. Is it possible for an older person to exercise pretty much as he wants, without worrying about ill effects?

A. Under present conditions, no, because people have got into the lazy habit of jumping into their automobiles even to go around the corner to get a package of cigarettes. There must be a real effort by many people to resume exercise as a matter of habit.

Q. Is the bicycle making a comeback, or will it?

A. That may be true of all exercises, not just bicycling. The advantage of bicycling is that it can become a habit of life. If, for example, some people could be induced to ride to and from work daily a few miles on *safe* bicycle paths, there would be less traffic congestion; and it would be better for the rider's health and pocket-book.

Q. Is bicycling a safe form of exercise for old people, too?

A. Oh, yes. In Holland, where my wife and I took a bicycle trip, the old people ride bicycles safely on paths all over the country. It's a very pleasant way of seeing the countryside. But, of course, you

can't safely ride bicycles unless we first establish bicycle paths. We're trying to do that now in various places.

Q. Is walking really effective as exercise?

A. If you do enough of it, yes. I think that if one would walk five or ten miles a day at a fair pace, swinging his arms and breathing deeply, his whole body would get good exercise out of it.

Q. What about swimming?

A. Swimming is good exercise. There you use the whole body. But it isn't always convenient. In the winter, if you live in the North, you've got to go to a pool. But you can always walk. You can shovel snow in the winter and do other things in the summer.

Q. And climb stairs?

A. Oh, yes. If you have nothing else to do in the way of exercise, stair climbing is quite good exercise, but it is rather dull.

Q. Can people in middle age and beyond play tennis?

A. Yes. Many of my contemporaries still play tennis. If they're in good health, there's no reason why they shouldn't continue to play into their 70's or even longer.

Q. Suppose a man has engaged in strenuous activity through his youth. When he gets into his 40's

or 50's, should he occasionally check with his doctor as to how much he should do?

A. Yes, indeed, because he may have the beginnings of high blood pressure or diabetes. Such diseases can be discovered only by examination.

Q. You would treat a latecomer to exercise more or less as you would treat an invalid?

A. Yes, or an athlete in training. Athletes don't suddenly sprint four miles in a boat race the first day they're out. They get themselves in shape, both physically and from the standpoint of teamwork. So it is with the average person. Exercise doesn't hurt people unless they're sick and need to be careful.

Q. Then an athlete who reaches his middle 30's or 40's and who neglects his exercise is, in a way, worse off?

A. Yes, that may be so. Why? That's one of the subjects for research today. The candidates for early coronary heart disease are more likely to be among the muscular, broad people we call mesomorphs. That was found out in a study of individuals with coronary thrombosis under the age of 40. Such a person is more likely to be an athlete, and, therefore, more likely to get coronary thrombosis than his skinny contemporary. It's quite possible that if he quits all exercise at 25 and begins to put on

weight during the next 25 years, he is doing himself harm which he might have avoided had he continued his hard exercise and hadn't put on any weight. That's a probability, but it's not proved yet.

Q. Isn't it true that people usually eat more and thus gain weight if they exercise?

A. Yes. Exercise isn't the way to lose weight. It can improve your appetite so much that you may actually gain while you're exercising. But most people who exercise hard are not fat. Of course, you can be fat and live long, but life-insurance statistics prove that the majority of

fat people don't live far into old age.

Q. Do women get more exercise from daily routine than men do?

A. It depends on the woman and the size of her house. I think it's excellent that housewives have so much difficulty in getting servants, for now the housewives themselves do a lot of their work.

At home, I have to cut the grass and chop firewood and take out the ashes, and I think it probably does me good, even though it's not the most amusing kind of exercise. But I feel as if I'm accomplishing something, rather than being dependent on somebody to do it for me.

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PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

The train slowed to a stop at a small eastern town. Two policemen came into our car, leading a Negro woman and her three little children. The lady's dress was torn, dirty, and splashed with blood. She seemed tired and dazed. The officers talked quietly with her for a few minutes, and handed her some money. Then they left, and the train began to move.

As we pulled out of town, the lady began to cry silently. The children whimpered; I suspected that they were both hungry and frightened. I changed places so that I could talk with the family. I learned that they had been on their way to visit relatives; their car had been struck at a railway crossing, and they had had to leave the father behind in a hospital. I offered to take the two older children to the diner with me so that the mother would be free to care for the baby.

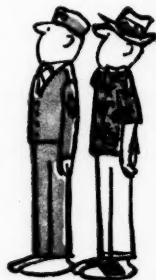
People looked up in surprise as we entered: two little children and myself, a nun. The children proved as hungry as I had thought. I grew a little uneasy. Would my pocketbook stand the check? But when I tried to pay, the waiter smiled. "Those two gentlemen across the aisle have taken care of it," he said. I thought of the courage of that mother, the kindness of the policemen, and the generosity of the two gentlemen. "People are like that," I said to myself.

Sister M. Gabriella, C.S.A.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

Your Best Deal in Military Service

You have more than 30 choices



THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT is trying hard to persuade young men that it is a lot smarter to volunteer than to gamble with being caught in the draft. The argument is based on three points.

1. That a hitch in the military is a normal and expected part of each young man's career. 2. That by accepting this obligation early he can pick and choose among a wide range of service opportunities. 3. That if he should postpone or evade his obligation, then he'll probably get caught in the draft anyway.

The argument is all set out in a variety of handsome brochures, leaflets, and posters; in countless radio and television programs; and by hundreds of personable, articulate, crisply uniformed young recruiters in man-to-man interviews with their prospects. Each service plugs its own product and the competitive spirit among them is lively. But there is a central slogan: "It's **YOUR Choice**." Attached to some of the literature is a tear-out post card

addressed simply, "It's **YOUR Choice**, Washington 25, D. C." Drop it in a mailbox, and you will get a packet of brightly written and illustrated reading matter, and just possibly an unsolicited call at your home by a man from the local recruiting office.

If you are a parent, you should welcome this visit if you happen to have a youngster of high-school age around the house. The two of you will certainly have to face up to the question sooner or later of how and when he is going to do his military service. And since there are at least 30 ways in which that service can be discharged, some professional guidance ought to be welcome.

Ever since the end of the 2nd World War, military planners have wrestled with the question of how best to provide the country with a military establishment which would adequately match our world-wide commitments but which would not break our economic backs. Every-

*49 E. 33d St., New York City 16. July, 1957. © 1957 by Harper & Brothers, and reprinted with permission.

thing from total reliance upon volunteers to compulsory service for all youths has been thought of, and in many instances, tried.

The aim is to: 1. guarantee a steady supply of manpower through the draft; 2. provide for a backlog of trained reserves to supplement the standing forces.

As total manpower in all the services has been reduced over the last few years (the figure now stands at 2.5 million) there has been no great problem in keeping the necessary number of men in the armed forces. Selective Service call-ups over the last year have averaged only about 12,000 a month.

The problem is not one of quantity, but of quality, urgently so. The revolutionary age of the atom, jet, and educated electron strikes through all ranks down to the lowliest GI. The new age demands soldiers, sailors, and airmen of higher caliber than the old, and one of the surest ways of getting them is by increasing the ratio of volunteers to draftees.

Thus, volunteering has been made just about as alluring as it can possibly be made. Beyond the basic appeal of doing one's patriotic duty, military service is represented as a valuable addition to one's educational equipment. Each young man is urged to get his high-school diploma, at the least, before enlisting. To this, he is assured, his military career will add a broadening and maturing capstone; and if he

goes beyond his six months of basic training he can begin to specialize in any of scores of crafts upon which a future full-time career can be built.

On top of all this, of course, the volunteer will find such other attractions as travel, adventure, and the prestige of a uniform. "Be a leader of men," says the Marine Corps. And the Navy, improving upon its ancient injunction, "Join the Navy and see the world," now proclaims that the Navy is "a career and yet a way of life, filled with honor, tradition, and personal rewards."

But by far the most persuasive inducement for the volunteer is the privilege of choosing (within limitations) not only the amount of active duty he will serve, but the kind as well. Unlike the draftee, the volunteer is invited to tailor his military service to his personal preference. To make this confusing range of choices intelligible, the principal ones are summarized here. There are three basic provisions common to all plans.

1. Every healthy young man between the ages of 18½ and 26 is obligated to put in from six to eight years of military service if the government chooses to call him.

2. If he serves as much as two years on active duty with one of the regular services his total obligation is reduced to six years.

3. Whatever portion of his eight or six-year obligation is not spent

on active duty must be spent in reserve status as follows: (a) in the Ready Reserve for a period which, by adding in his time on active duty, will equal four years, and (b) in the Standby Reserve for whatever additional period is necessary to round out his total military obligation.

The Ready Reserve requires weekly drills and a two-week summer encampment or cruise. It is subject to immediate mobilization in time of emergency on call of the President. If a member fails to maintain a proper performance record, he can be transferred back to active duty. The Standby Reserve has no training requirement. It can be mobilized only through an act of Congress.

A young man can respond in two ways to his obligation for military service. The simplest is to wait around to see if the draft catches up with him before his 26th birthday. It may or it may not, or he may acquire exemption through marriage or dependents. It is a gambler's choice. If he is drafted, he serves two years on active duty, four years in the reserves. He has no choice as to branch of service (most draftees are assigned to the Army) and not very much as to the specialty he will follow.

His other alternative is to volunteer. As a volunteer he can, under ideal circumstances (a) pick his branch of service; (b) pick his specialty within that service; (c) elect

to put in as little as six months on active duty; and (d) choose among three basic enlistment plans as follows.

1. *Regular Enlistment.* All services offer regular enlistments at age 17 for minimum terms of three years in the Army and Marine Corps, and four years in the Navy, Air Force, and Coast Guard. Total service obligation is six years in active and reserve status.

2. *Enlisted Reserve.* All services except the Air Force offer at age 17 enlistment for a term of two years active, four years reserve duty.

3. *Six Months Reserve.* There are two variants to this plan, which is offered by all services except the Navy: (a) For those 17 to 18½, six months of active duty plus a full 7½ years in the Ready Reserve (except for the Army, which requires only four and one-half years in the Ready and three years in the Standby. (b) For those 18½ and older, six months of active duty plus five and a half years in the Ready Reserve. The upper age limit for this variant is 21 in the Marine Corps, 25 in the Army, Air Force, and Coast Guard.

Regular enlistment is primarily for the young fellow who feels that the military offers a career. The Enlisted Reserve is for those who are less certain about a military career but are willing to find out. The Six Months Reserve, which is proving the most popular of all, is for those who frankly want to get their mili-

"It's **YOUR Choice**" is proving successful. By last June, the rate of Army enlistments, which had been rising at the unheard-of rate of 1,000 a week, was causing some worry in Washington over the adequacy of training facilities. Some Congressmen protested that the recruitment program was turning out to be "too much of a good thing."

tary service over with as quickly as possible and to get on with an education, job or romance.

If a young man wishes to buck for a commission, the avenues open to him are infinitely more varied and considerably more difficult to travel.

There is a less pressing need for officers in all services than there is for enlisted men. Also, the physical and educational requirements are higher; a college degree is necessary in most instances. Furthermore, the intangible qualities of leadership, personality, appearance, school background have a sometimes decisive weight in the final decision. Army standards generally are less exacting than those of the Navy and the Coast Guard; the Marine Corps is next toughest; and the Air Force is toughest of all.

Each service maintains its own academy, from which the nucleus of its career officer corps is replenished each year. Entrance usually is

won only by Congressional appointment and after stiff competitive examinations.

These schools have full four-year college courses leading to regular commissions and, in the majority of instances, professional military careers. A youngster thinking of Army's West Point, Navy's Annapolis, the Coast Guard's New London, or the Air Force's Colorado Springs should write to his Congressman for information.

The other ways in which a commission can be won are through the various Reserve Officers Training Corps (ROTC) and the Officer Candidate schools (OCS).

The Defense department aims to interfere as little as possible with school careers. Not only are youths urged in all the recruiting literature (some of it done in a racy teen-age vernacular) to complete high school, and even college, before enlisting, but under many of the programs, grace periods are provided so that a boy can delay his induction a few weeks beyond his 18½ birthday if he can complete school within that time.

A great many youngsters apparently are finding it desirable to sandwich a six-month tour of active duty between high-school graduation and college. This is particularly attractive to those who complete high school at the mid-winter term but don't wish to start college right away.

What will prove to be the best

"deal" out of this varied assortment of choices depends upon many personal factors. From the standpoint of "getting it over in a hurry," the Army's six-month plan for the 17-18½ age group (requiring only four and one-half years of Ready Reserve duty) involves the lightest obligation of all. On the other hand, a boy whose family cannot afford to send him to college may find one of the service academies or the Navy's regular ROTC most suited to his needs.

It is well to bear in mind, too, the

particular requirements of the various services before making a choice. Mechanical aptitudes are high on the list of preferment in the Navy and the Air Force, for example. A boy or his parents should study the various enlistment plans carefully, for the recruiting officers cannot always be depended upon for an objective appraisal. Each is a salesman dedicated to his own product, and his chief aim is to fill his monthly quota of recruits, leaving it to the higher-ups to sort out the material he has succeeded in gathering in.



THE PERFECT ASSIST

The late Mrs. Calvin Coolidge's thoughtfulness was almost as proverbial as her husband's economy with words. During her years as First Lady, more than one visitor to the White House remarked that nobody had ever more fittingly borne the name of Grace.

Perhaps the most memorably perfect of her many perfect assists occurred during a White House dinner at which the guest of honor was an important European diplomat. The dinner party was small and intimate. The President and Mrs. Coolidge had decided to use a unique set of exquisite china, a gift to Mr. Coolidge from the chief of state of another country.

During the dinner the guest of honor commented on the beautiful design of the cup he had just raised to his lips, and asked Mrs. Coolidge what type of china the set was. She explained, while all the guests listened with interest. But the diplomat, shaken to find that the fragile shell he was examining was a priceless treasure, set the cup down so abruptly that he shattered it.

A moment of dreadful silence followed—but only a moment; for Mrs. Coolidge immediately set her own cup down so sharply that it, too, was shattered. Then, with a rueful laugh she said to her husband, "What are you going to do, Mr. President—send us both away from the table?" And the diplomat's embarrassment was smothered by the burst of laughter from all the company.

M. M.

[For original reports of strikingly gracious or tactful remarks or actions, we will pay \$25 on publication. In specific cases where we can obtain permission from the publisher to reprint, we will also pay \$25 to readers who submit acceptable anecdotes of this type quoted verbatim from books or magazines. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

Dream Village in the Valley

*The Christian community we seek
may be right under our noses*

ONE OF THE MOST powerful dreams that ever bemused the lay apostolate in England and America is the dream of a perfect Christian community. The dream was usually set in a rural frame. In a green and fertile valley stood a village full of sturdy, spiritual Christian apostles. Some tilled the soil; some worked at handicrafts. All gathered for dialogue Mass every morning in the parish church and again for Compline in the evening.

Children were beautifully educated in the parish school according to the latest ideas of Christopher Dawson and the earliest ideas of Eric Gill. Television was unheard of, and all the bread was made of whole wheat, stone-ground. Communication with the outside world was kept to a minimum. Only one radio, one telephone, and one automobile were allowed in the village, and one copy of a daily newspaper.

The dream had variations. Some communities were to be less agrarian than this, some more so. Sometimes the male apostles commuted

to the big bad city either to do good works, or simply to make enough money to live in the style to which they could not become unaccustomed. The dream lends itself easily to ridicule, but if there is a hint of it here, it is probably because the author is trying to conceal his own long-lost love for that Village in the Valley. (Except that, as I recall it, my house was going to be on a hill overlooking the valley.)

The advantages of a community like this are obvious to anyone who has struggled with the problem of Christian living in an unchristian world. You will note at once the similarity to the monastic Community. Also the throwback to the Ages of Faith, at least as imagined by some Catholic moderns. Withdrawal from a wicked world will always be an idea that appeals to the Christian soul. And if monks can withdraw, why not laymen? This argument makes a certain amount of sense.

Just as the cenobitic or communal style of monasticism won out over the eremitic, or the hermit's way of

*514 Warren St., Brookline 46, Mass. September, 1957. © 1957 by the Discalced Carmelite Fathers, and reprinted with permission.

life, so the idea of a community of like-minded spirits has always attracted Christian laymen, and for roughly the same reasons. Man is a social animal. He knows that he needs the help of other men, and in nothing does he need it more than in pursuit of the spiritual life.

In few American cities can you find an urban neighborhood that is uniformly Catholic. In none that I know of can you find a neighborhood that is composed of Catholics who are uniformly dedicated to a spiritual life. I know a family that used to sing Compline once in a while with their friends. The family upstairs naturally concluded that they were nuts.

If all this is so, then why not put our minds and wills to developing Catholic communities for the laity? That is what the editors of the *Catholic Worker* would have us do.

I think the strongest argument against the idea is the sheer impracticality of the thing. The *Catholic Worker* has been beating the drum for such communities for 22 years now. A good many have been started, and a few are still struggling along, but I know of none that has been called a success, even by its founders.

Usually the venture breaks up on any one of a number of different rocks: not enough money, not enough skill in farming, too few apostles willing to make sacrifices, not enough heroism.

The history of the world seems

to indicate that the isolated Religious Community can be a success for single men or women strongly disciplined by Religious vows. The odds, however, are against it for married men and women not subject to special vows. There are exceptions, of which the most noteworthy are perhaps the Amish and Mennonite sects of southern Pennsylvania, and my impression is that these are on the decline.

Does it follow then that those laymen who hunger for a Christian community must go forever starved until they die and go to heaven? I don't think so. Any Catholic parish that is worthy of the name must be in the business of creating a Christian community. Where the Mass is, after all, there also is the basic ingredient of such a community.

Let us imagine, for example, a church where the people truly participate in the Mass, where daily Mass is the usual thing for many parishioners, where Vespers or Compline are customary and well attended in the evening. The parish societies really reach out and bring the people in, and then send them out again to spend themselves in good works for the poor. Catholic Action is both active and Catholic; mental prayer is a popular subject for discussion; the parochial school is alive to all the best of the past and the present. Beauty is known and respected in the art and architecture of the church and parish buildings, and in the music that

is played and sung therein. The thought of the people, even in their leisure time, is toward God and all his wonderful works.

Would not this be a Christian community? Not entirely. We would have to add to it some sense of fulfillment in the daily work of the men of the parish. But if the work is honest and useful, this condition is not too difficult to meet. Such a parish would certainly not be composed of "Catholics who are uniformly dedicated to a spiritual life." But that is probably an idle dream anyway. Even a Carmelite monastery doesn't answer that description.

I think there are such parishes. At least, I know of pastors who are vigorously pursuing that ideal, and with considerable success, as far as I can determine. They would be the first to confess that they don't expect to reach the ideal, human nature and the present state of the world being what they are.

Frankly, I consider this type of Christian community superior to the other type. In the first place, it reaches a much greater number of people. Such a community doesn't demand the heroic as a ticket of admission. It accepts people as they are, where they are. It goes out to them and draws them slowly inward and upward to something better. It works like the leaven in two measures of meal until the whole is leavened.

If Catholic laymen and women are going to have a spiritual com-

munity, this is the type, and the only really communal type, that is open to most of them. That is not to say that isolated communities of the other kind may not serve a useful purpose for those who are suited for them. In our Father's house there are many mansions, many Orders, many Communities.

But what of those who live in a parish that doesn't even begin to approach such an ideal, where the faith is not reaching out to convert the world, but merely huddling behind its own walls, striving only to prevent the world from destroying it? What hope of community is there for these?

In the last analysis, there is always the family. It may be hard, but even a family that is totally hemmed in by neighbors with other beliefs, or none, can create within itself a sense of Christian community. The family can still get to Mass. The family can still say Vespers or Compline, not to mention Matins, Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext, and None.

The family can do good works, discuss mental prayer or trade unionism or modern architecture. The family can always hang a few decent pictures on the walls and play a little decent music on the phonograph. The family can even sing together, praising God in hymns and spiritual canticles. The family can always be an island of love and affection, and, as the saying goes, "Where love and affection is, there is God." And

there, too, is the Christian community.

I don't know of any families, including my own, where all these things are done, but here again we are talking about the ideal. Such a family can be a powerful leaven of its own. The mother and the children will have their influence on the neighbors, imperceptible as it may seem. The father will have his influence on the men with whom he works. Even the unmarried layman is not denied his own Christian community, for has not the Lord told us that "where there are two or three gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them"?

Perhaps our difficulty is that so seldom do we gather together "in his name." That is why it is good to see the spread of the Christian

Family movement, the Young Christian Workers, and other social-action groups who have revived the practice of a few Christians sitting down together "in his name" to talk about the Gospel and what they can do to make it live in their own neighborhoods and factories and offices.

The Christian community may be composed of "two or three." Or 200 or 300. Or 2,000 or 3,000. As the individual Christian hungers for community with one or two others, so the two or three hunger to expand their community to 200 or 300. And so on "until the whole is leavened."

"A brother that helpeth his brother is like a strong city." And surely no city is stronger or more beautiful than the Christian city, the city of God.



IN OUR HOUSE

It was Ascension Thursday; we had just returned from near-by St. John's church, and I was preparing breakfast. Little Michael, our seven-year-old, who had made his First Communion that spring, was setting the table.

On coming into the dining room I was astonished to discover candles burning brightly on the table. "Oh, no, Michael!" I exclaimed. "Not candles now. Let's save them for some special occasion." (Special occasions, in our house, were birthdays, anniversaries, and Christmas eve.)

"But this is a special occasion," protested Michael. "Didn't you tell us yesterday that this is a holyday because our Lord went up to heaven on this day long ago?"

So it was that our family ate breakfast on that bright Ascension morning by blazing candlelight.

Mrs. Raymond Spaulding.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

The Nine Million Errands of Margaret Mealey

The National Council of Catholic Women will never be a glorified study group



MARGARET MEALEY sometimes calls herself "an errand girl to 9 million women." Never was an errand girl entrusted with such responsibilities. Miss Mealey is executive secretary of one of the most influential organizations in the U. S., the National Council of Catholic Women (NCCW).

The NCCW has now been going strong for 37 years. Its prime purpose is Catholic Action. Every year the record of its accomplishments has been more impressive.

In 1956, for example, the organization carried on a vigorous cam-

paign to encourage daily attendance at Mass, thanksgiving after Mass, and hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament among Catholic women of the U.S. Members of the NCCW and its affiliates contributed to charity 124,000 pounds of used clothing valued at nearly \$250,000. (This was exclusive of the bishops' war relief program at Thanksgiving.) They contributed new clothing totaling more than 33,000 pounds and valued at \$117,000.

They provided nearly 2,000 First Communion outfits for needy children, and donated \$34,650 for Christmas gifts for the poor. In the same year, reports from 25 diocesan committees showed that 55,000 women had participated in the Catholic Charities program, with 445,000 hours of service.

The NCCW was an early outgrowth of the National Catholic Welfare conference (NCWC), organized by the bishops of the U.S. in 1919 to coordinate welfare activities of the Church. The bishops needed intermediaries to publicize their plans for the reconstruction of

Christian society. They wanted to reach not just Catholics, but all Christians emerging from the nightmare of the 1st World War.

James Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore and Archbishop Joseph Schrembs of Cleveland organized the first meeting in Washington, D.C., in March, 1920. Two hundred women assembled to establish the nccw and elect its first board of directors. Some of the women represented existing organizations; others were delegates appointed by their bishops.

During its first year, the nccw formed 95 local units. By 1956, more than 10,000 local organizations were affiliated, with councils established in 98 of the 133 dioceses in the U.S.

When the National Catholic Welfare conference was founded, Pope Benedict XV stressed the fact that the Church in the U.S. must never become isolated from national life. As an integral part of the conference, the nccw has kept that warning in mind. There is scarcely a facet of American life that does not receive the women's attention. The council is constantly seeking to emphasize spiritual values in family life, education, immigration problems, social legislation, and international relations.

Miss Mealey, who hails from California, was a social worker and women's director of the National Catholic Community service of the us before becoming the fourth ex-

ecutive secretary of the nccw in December, 1949. Her immediate "boss" is the national board of the nccw, with Mrs. Robert H. Mahoney of Hartford, Conn., as president. Archbishop Karl J. Alter of Cincinnati is episcopal chairman of the ncwc lay-organizations department, and therefore of the nccw.

One of the secrets of Miss Mealey's success is her firm belief in the value of the council's leadership-training institutes. "An important concern today," she explains, "is to discover the best means of communicating the ideas and the desires of the bishops at the grass-roots level. Our institutes appear to be the answer."

One personal appearance, she holds, is worth a thousand stereotyped letters. As soon as she took office, she started a series of biennial training institutes, held at focal points throughout the country. Although the early institutes were fairly successful, Miss Mealey was not satisfied. She decided that regional conferences did not reach enough women.

In 1955, she and five members of her staff conducted a series of institutes at Catholic women's colleges across the nation. They spent about a week at each college. Last year, 12 local councils availed themselves of another type of field service, begun in 1954, whereby leadership training is provided within a diocese by a representative of the

nccw. Nearly 5,000 women received such training.

One of the purposes of the nccw is to be a medium through which members may express themselves as a group in public affairs, especially in matters of special concern to women. For example, the organization has given staunch support to "equal pay for equal work" legislation; that is, legislation to prevent paying lower salaries to women who are doing the same work as men.

Miss Mealey says that the nccw needs strong popular support for its stand on this issue, and that support isn't the easiest thing in the world to get. "Many Catholics will ask whether such an arrangement is really in accord with Catholic principles," she laments, "despite the pronouncements of the Holy Father and the bishops. They mistakenly think that men who are heads of families should always receive more than women. Those who think that way forget that when women take less pay than men, they undercut the wage system. In times of slack employment, they may be given preference in hiring."

Miss Mealey's office is in the nccw building at 1312 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D.C. She finds it difficult to remain there for long periods of time. Even when

she is not directing an institute somewhere in the U. S., there are likely to be competing demands upon her to take part in women's activities in various other parts of the world. In September, 1956, she flew to Berchtesgaden, Germany. At the request of the chaplain of the U. S. military command, she addressed a group of women under the military ordinariate who had begun affiliation with the nccw. From there she set her sights for Bogotá, Colombia, to attend a seminar. Her next stop was Chicago, for the 28th national convention of the council. (The nccw now has a national convention every other year. Three years ago, in 1954, the national board was able to bring President Eisenhower before its conclave in Boston.)

Miss Mealey insists that the nccw will never become merely a glorified study group. "We women aren't the apostles we should be if we content ourselves with being called 'good Catholics' or 'practicing Catholics,'" she tells women who attend nccw institutes. And she reminds them of the admonition uttered by Archbishop Richard J. Cushing of Boston: "The faith does not provide the individual with a means of escape from the world, but with the means by which he must serve the world through the Church."



About the only way some couples can get on their feet is by selling the car. James L. Currie.

Five Ways to Beat Nervous Tension

*What to do when
you're 'all shook up'*



NERVOUS TENSION is so much a part of American life that many people never know what it is to feel completely at ease. If you are one of those who find it difficult to "let go," you are probably tired of being handed such vague advice as "Take things easy" or "You've got to learn to relax."

You suspect that no one can actually stop worrying—and you're right. You may not suspect that people who take life the easiest have as many nervous breakdowns as the rest of mankind, but they do.

What you'd like is a workable, down-to-earth way to help you keep your nerves from getting you down. Psychologists, psychiatrists, and neurologists have been conducting exhaustive studies to discover ways to reduce nervous tension. Here are five simple rules they have come up with.

1. *Condition your nerves with simple exercise.* Research at the University of California dictates

this rule. The exercise should be engaged in at least two or three times a week and last at least 30 minutes.

In the university studies, one group of students engaged in regularly supervised exercise, the other did not. Each group was subjected periodically to nerve-racking conditions. The exercise group showed a far greater ability to adjust to tensions, and to recover from them quickly. The most effective exercises were walking and swimming, which are rhythmical and require use of many muscles.

"The studies showed," says the University of California's Dr. Ernest D. Michael, "that regular physical exercise not only increases nervous stamina appreciably but serves another equally valuable purpose: it provides an effective means for re-

lease of emotional tensions. Unless these tensions are discharged, pressures on the nerves continue to multiply."

2. *The right diet can make you less jittery.* Your nerves will be much calmer if you eat a balanced diet containing plenty of high-protein foods (lean meats, poultry, fish, eggs, nuts, enriched cereals). This was shown at Pennsylvania State university, where hundreds of men and women selected from various walks of life were given physical examinations which included a checkup of both their specific reflexes and general nervous stability.

An adequate breakfast can be especially helpful to those who feel depressed upon awakening in the

morning. Studies by Dr. Benjamin P. Sandler of the Veterans administration show that the blood-sugar level then is at its lowest point. Adding some bacon and eggs to the coffee-and-juice breakfast will often chase those Monday morning "blues."

3. *Keep calm before meals.* A study at Columbia university shows that your nerves are most likely to wear thin shortly before mealtimes. Almost 50% of emotional flare-ups occur when the stomach is empty. So avoid discussing emotional problems before eating.

4. *Don't worry about worry.* To try to stop worrying altogether is a waste of energy. It is normal to worry about real dangers, abnormal not to be concerned over them. "Most people," says Dr. Judd Marmor, a psychiatrist, "seem to be unaware of the fact that to be unworried in the face of distressing reality may often be a symptom of a serious mental disorder."

Vague, baseless worry is something else again. Unless this habit is nipped in the bud, chronic anxiety can result.

5. *Avoid the hurry habit.* No habit can rub your nerves raw more quickly. Psychologists point out that you can't hurry without tensing up.

The Illinois State Medical society has made a careful study of the hurry habit. The society deplors the tendency of many people to associate the habit with pep, ambition, accomplishment. On the con-

The best cure for worry can be taken every morning in 15 to 20 minutes of prayer. Mass all the worries together, plan what you can do about them, and forget what you can't. Face the day in the serene confidence that if everything you do is as peaceful, confident, efficient as you can make it, other things will fall in line, and a glorious sense of achievement will wipe out the fretting and apprehension. Rise above petty detail. And remember that just as important as an unencumbered and confident mind and spirit is a healthy state of body.

Kathleen Norris in
Woman's Life (Fall '57).

trary, hurrying saps self-confidence, hastens fatigue, and decreases efficiency.

Hurry is usually unnecessary. The Medical society's investigators point out that the person who gulps his coffee and dashes for the train, starts and usually finishes the day in a state of tension which will ultimately result in irritability.

Their advice: arrange your schedule so that you will not have to hurry. Stop crowding your activities. Otherwise, you not only run the risk of a nervous crack-up, but are quite likely to suffer such ailments as heart trouble, high blood pressure or ulcers.

The best idea is to consider how long it actually takes you to get to your office. Then add a safety

margin of extra time, in most cases, 15 minutes.

There is a widespread notion that when your nerves are "keyed up" your mental faculties are stimulated. Studies at Yale and other universities show that the opposite is true. Nervous tension actually dulls your mental abilities. It 1. makes it more difficult to concentrate; 2. impairs reasoning powers; 3. renders perception less acute; 4. lessens ability to discriminate; and 5. inhibits memory processes.

The findings of science accomplish two things. They make it clear that nervous tension puts two strikes on us: mental and physical. They also provide us with practical ways to keep our nerves from getting us down.

In Our Parish

In our parish in Oregon, the Sisters who teach in our school are Benedictines. Their habits are rather plain. When two Franciscan nuns visited the school, one little girl was puzzled. The Franciscans wore large crucifixes, the Benedictines wore none. The visitors had rosaries hanging from their belts, and large white headdresses. Finally the child could stand it no longer. She tiptoed up to her teacher and whispered, "Will you be a fancier Sister like those when you grow up?"

Kathleen Merry.

In our parish in New Hampshire, when a lay teacher decided to enter the convent, an elderly Sister offered to make her first habit. One day, when the novice came to see how the work was progressing, she remarked how dark and forbidding the material was. The old Sister said nothing, but several weeks later, when the novice first tried on her habit, she found the pockets lined with plaid.

J.A.H.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]



A Christmas Dream

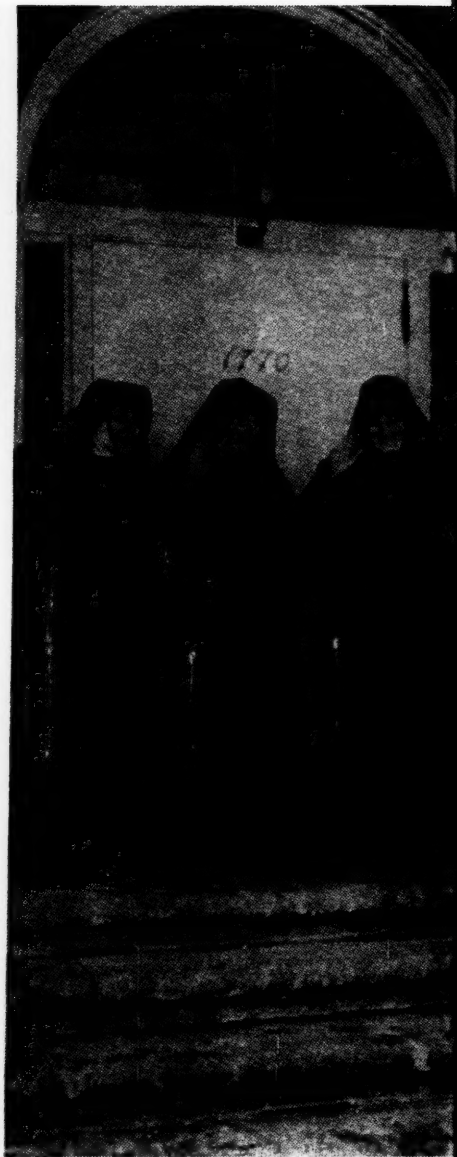
*Two lively youngsters bring
joy of heart to their hosts.*

A special kind of giving was practiced last Christmas when Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ryan of Tarrytown, N. Y., invited two youngsters to share the holiday with them. The kids, Walter, 7, and Joanne, 5, came from the Lieutenant Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., Home for Children in the Bronx, where the Missionary Sisters of the 3rd Order of St. Francis care for some 300 neglected and dependent children.

The invitations were sponsored by the Ladies of Charity of New York Catholic Charities, of which Mrs. Ryan is a vice president. For Walter and Joanne it was a joyous dream, and their delight made the day memorable for their hosts.



Sister Josephine of the Kennedy Home for Children checks Walter's preparations to visit the Ryans in their home.



Joanne gets some help from Sister M. Wilhelmina with her wardrobe in getting herself ready for the big day.

Walter and Joanne bid good-by to Sister Josephine, Mother Superior Miriam Frances, and Sister M. Wilhelmina.



Mr. and Mrs. Ryan welcome the two youngsters. Mrs. Amedeo Giordano (r.), Ladies of Charity president, escorted Walter and Joanne from the Kennedy home.



The high point of the day came for Walter when Mr. Ryan presented him with a lovely toy wagon. Joanne was enchanted with her beautiful doll.

Grace is habitual with kids from the Kennedy home. The home is one of nine institutions, serving 4,000 children, affiliated with N.Y. Catholic Charities.





The children thoroughly enjoy a sleigh ride. Puffing up the hill with their sprightly charges are snowman Edward Ryan and his son Colton. Drumsticks are their meat. Energetic Walter takes things in hand with a frontal attack. Joanne, slightly more demure, is no less enthusiastic.



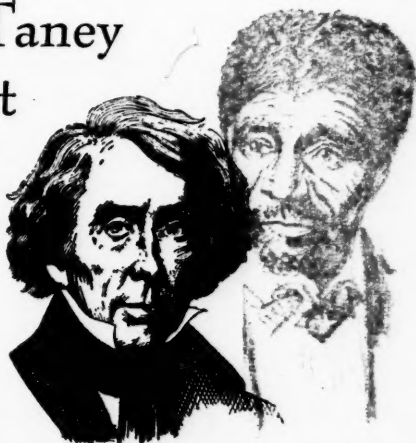
The end of a wonderful day.



*New York Sunday News photographs by
Robert Cranston, William Klein, and Daniel Jacino*

Chief Justice Taney and Dred Scott

His proslavery decision 100 years ago helped set off the Civil War; yet he hated slavery



SEVERAL Supreme Court decisions of recent years have set off nation-wide controversy. None of them, however—not even the decision on segregation in schools—carried the explosive force of the Dred Scott decision of 1857. The Supreme Court upheld the Southern view that slaves were property. Its decision was probably intended to smother conflict; instead, it helped ignite civil war.

The chief justice who read the Dred Scott decision was Roger Brooke Taney (pronounced *Tawney*.) He was a Catholic jurist of great integrity, and he hated slavery. Yet when the Dred Scott case came up, Taney took the side of the slaveholders. Why? We now regard the Dred Scott decision as tragically wrong. Did Taney's stand mean that he had turned his back on Christian principles of justice?

In 1819, Taney had said that slavery was a blot on our national character which must be gradually wiped away. He himself was from Maryland, a slave state. The Taney

family was of English Catholic stock. Taney's father had attended a Catholic college in France. His mother was a sister of Francis Scott Key, author of *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

Roger was 12 when Washington became President. He was elected to the state legislature when he was 22. In 1831 President Andrew Jackson took him from his law office in Baltimore and appointed him secretary of the treasury. At Old Hickory's order, Taney removed all federal funds from the Bank of the United States. This privately owned institution had practically directed American financial policy, but the loss of government deposits destroyed its greatly abused powers. However, the pro-Bank Senate refused to confirm Taney's appointment.

Five years later Jackson named him chief justice of the Supreme Court.

Meanwhile, far away from Washington, the stage was being set for the drama of Dred Scott. In 1832, Dr. John Emerson, an army surgeon, bought Dred Scott in Missouri, which was slave territory. He later took him into free territory—into Illinois and Minnesota, where he stayed for several years.

Dr. Emerson died in Davenport, Iowa, in 1843. Back in Missouri, Dred offered to "buy his freedom," but Mrs. Emerson refused. White men, sympathizing with the Negro, brought his case to court. They argued that when Dr. Emerson took Dred Scott to territory where slavery was illegal, Dred ceased to be a slave.

The lower court agreed that Dred was now free. The widow Emerson appealed, and the upper court said that Dred was *not* free. Finally, in 1857, the case reached the Supreme Court. Mrs. Emerson, meanwhile, had moved to New York and married another doctor, Calvin G. Chaffee.

Chief Justice Taney had inherited slaves, but had freed them. He pensioned the older ones. But he was not an abolitionist. He hoped slavery would die out, but while it was legal, he would respect the law. The church he attended had a predominantly Negro congregation. When the chief justice went to Confession, he waited his turn

among the Negroes, both slave and free.

He scorned slave traders as "human reptiles, trafficking in stolen flesh." Was he acquainted with any of the pronouncements of the Popes on the subject of slavery? As early as 1462, Pope Pius II had called it a "great crime." In 1815, Pius VII had appealed to the European powers to suppress the slave trade, and a start was made. But in 1839 Gregory XVI found it necessary to make another appeal. Pius IX denounced the "most great sin" of slave trading.

One wonders, too, if Taney had ever seen the words of Cardinal Gerdil, Prefect of Propaganda, who died in 1802. The Cardinal wrote, "Slavery is not to be understood as conferring on one man the same power over another that men have over cattle. Slavery does not abolish the natural equality of men."

Taney was now a stooped and infirm old man. Both his wife and his daughter had died of yellow fever in 1855. He often had to absent himself from court because of illness. He had little interest in anything but his religion and his official duties.

On March 6, 1857, the aged judge read the majority decision in the Dred Scott case. It took him two and a half hours. Why did it take so long, when all the court had to do was to say that it was up to Missouri to decide if poor Dred was free or not? Was it because

DRED SCOTT REMEMBERED

Ninety-nine years after his death, and 100 years after the U.S. Supreme Court made the historic ruling in his case, Dred Scott was honored by a granite tombstone placed at his hitherto unmarked grave in Calvary cemetery, St. Louis, Mo. The stone was the gift of Mrs. Charles Harrison, granddaughter of Taylor Blow, who bought Scott after the decision, then set him free. *Time* (5 Aug. '57).

the Southern members of the court persuaded him that only a strong verdict would keep the South in the union? Because one of them (Justice Wayne has been named) actually wrote the long decision for the sick old man?

There have been many guesses about the Dred Scott decision. One of them is that Taney still hoped in 1857, as he had in 1819, that the South would eventually consent to gradual emancipation, with the owners being paid for their losses. But Taney knew that the South greatly feared a large population of free Negroes. As a younger man he had helped the American Colonization society settle ex-slaves in the Negro republic of Liberia in West Africa. He may have thought (as Lincoln once did) that the solution to the problem was to remove all the freed slaves to Liberia.

If a free Negro was a citizen, he could not be forced to migrate. Hence, according to this theory, Taney agreed that a Negro was not a citizen so that slaveholders might be reconciled to the idea of having their slaves freed, on condition of their being removed to Africa.

There is good reason to believe that Taney thought that if the slave question could be removed from the area of national politics and returned to the states, the Southern states would sooner or later abolish slavery as the Northern states had. He was not alone in his view that fear of Northern haste in abolition was like a cold wind which caused the South to wrap itself more firmly in the cloak of proslavery sentiment.

Cardinal Gerdil had denied that slaves were property, like cattle. Taney followed the harsh philosophy of the slave states. Slaves, if not actually cattle, were chattels. The Dred Scott decision meant that the courts could not stop a man from taking his chattel where he wished. So Dred was still a slave.

The South was highly pleased. The North erupted with rage. Abolitionists said they would ignore the decision, and they did. One senator said that Taney's name would be "hooted down the pages of history." Newspapers poured abuse on him. Lincoln (and even Lincoln could be quite wrong) said the decision was part of a slaveholders' plot.

Taney said that he didn't care. It was obvious that he cared very much.

The Democratic party split in two over the Dred Scott decision, thus assuring Lincoln's election in 1860. The Southern states seceded from the Union. The nation was at civil war.

Dred Scott, meanwhile, had been bought and freed by the son of his original owner. He died within a year. His last master, Taylor Blow, became a Catholic. Master and slave lie side by side in Calvary cemetery in St. Louis.

The Civil War swept away the greater part of Taney's small private income, invested in a Southern bank. Embittered and impoverished,

the old chief justice lived on to strike one more blow for the cause he held dearest, the supremacy of the law. Amid the hysteria of the war he bravely ordered the arrest of a general who refused to free a civilian imprisoned by a military court.

It could not be, Taney declared, that "an American citizen holds life, liberty and property at the pleasure of the army."

Taney died on Oct. 12, 1864, and was buried beside his mother at Frederick, Md. He was 88. The New York *Tribune* said, "He was an able, upright, learned judge, of integrity and sincerity, whose single aberration his countrymen will hasten to forget."



THE RIGHT TO HAVE SCOUNDRELS

Whenever someone speaks with prejudice against a group—Catholics, Jews, Italians, Negroes—someone else usually comes up with a classic line of defense: "Look at Einstein!" "Look at Carver!" "Look at Toscanini!" So, of course, Catholics (or Jews, or Italians, or Negroes) must be all right. They mean well, these defenders.

But their approach is wrong. It is even bad. What a minority group wants is not the right to have geniuses among them, but the right to have fools and scoundrels without being condemned as a group.

Every group has its wrongdoers. But when wrongdoers are identified with a group, their number is magnified in the minds of other people. Minorities would gladly give up the reflected glory of their great men if only the world didn't burden them with the ignominy of their scoundrels. Both great men and scoundrels belong to mankind as a whole, and mankind as a whole shares the sorrow as well as the honor.

Agnes Elizabeth Benedict quoted in *Jewish Digest* (Sept. '57).

Paul and His Epistles

Paul's love for Christ grew even greater than Saul's hatred had been



THE PHARISEES were the brains behind Christ's crucifixion. Paul was a Pharisee. But while they were satisfied that "one man die instead of the whole nation perishing," Paul was filled with the desire to have the whole upstart Christian Church destroyed. He received a commission to carry his war against Christ into Damascus.

If such intense hatred drove him on, how is it that today we call him Christ's greatest missionary? Paul himself gave the answer. "While I was on my journey," he says in the Acts of the Apostles, "not far from Damascus, about midday, this befell me: all at once a great light from heaven shone about me, and I fell to the ground, and heard a voice saying to me, 'Saul, Saul, why dost thou persecute Me?' 'Who art Thou, Lord?' I answered. And He said to me, 'I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom Saul persecutes.'"

Paul was about 30 years old then; the event happened not long after the death of Christ. Paul had never before seen the Lord, for his home at Tarsus was several hundred miles from Palestine.

Paul's vision of Christ on the road to Damascus blinded him. His companions had to lead him by his hand into the city, where he was baptized and entered the nascent Church he had despised. He began preaching Christ immediately, but the Christians feared even the converted Paul, because they had suffered so greatly at his hands. The Pharisees tried to kill him. He had to flee from Damascus; he narrowly escaped by being let down in a basket over the city wall.

He then withdrew to prayerful seclusion in the Arabian desert, probably south of Damascus. After two years, he returned to Damascus, and from there he went to Jerusalem to visit Peter. Those who claim that Paul knew our Lady use this two-week visit of his as one of the foundations of their claim. Paul then retired to Tarsus for five years. Most of the time he spent at his tent-making trade or in secluded prayer. Visitors to Tarsus today can see a cave that tradition claims

*Prepared especially for THE CATHOLIC DIGEST by the Paulist Writers' bureau.

was once Paul's private place of retreat.

Barnabas, delegate to the early Church of Antioch, interrupted Paul's seclusion in the year 42. Paul accompanied him to Antioch, anxious now to bring to the Jewish world all he had learned in his years of meditation. But it was not long before Paul, Barnabas, and Mark were singled out for a special missionary journey. The year was about 45 A.D., and it marked the beginning of Paul's career for Christ.

Paul's first journey lasted three years. With his two companions, he set sail from Antioch to the isle of Cyprus. Then from the mainland of Asia Minor, they wended their way through half a dozen cities. In all of them, Paul followed the procedure that was to become his custom: first to the Jews, and if rejected, to the pagans. Paul and Barnabas (Mark had weakened early on the trip, and returned to Antioch) traveled several hundred miles during this mission. They were thrown out of three cities. Paul was stoned at Lystra. His recovery seems to have been miraculous.

The two missionaries returned to Antioch. Paul then presented himself at the Council of Jerusalem, the first council of the Church, where his mission to the Gentiles received official recognition. He waited only a year before he began his second journey.

Paul's companion during the next

three-year mission was Silas; and the two traveled mainly by land. Paul re-visited the cities of his first journey, traversed all of present-day Turkey, crossed into Macedonia, and went down to Achaia. He then set sail homeward to Palestine.

Some authorities have estimated that Paul founded more than 12 Christian communities during those three years. He had been troubled by serious illness in the early part of this mission, and he was flogged and imprisoned at Philippi. It was during this time that he founded most of the churches to which he would later write his Epistles: Philippi, Thessalonica, Corinth, Ephesus, and the Galatian cities.

The last great journey of Paul's life lasted for five years, and covered a greater distance than either of the other two. It was similar to the second in regions visited, but Paul went also to many new cities. During the previous journey, he had written two Epistles; this time, he wrote four. When returning to Jerusalem, in the year 60, Paul was imprisoned at Caesarea. He appealed to Caesar, and was put aboard ship for Rome. He endured a violent shipwreck on this voyage, but saved himself and his captors by his prayers.

A Roman prison housed Paul until the year 63, a period during which he wrote four more Epistles. Upon his release, he visited again many of his churches in the East,

then retraced his steps, and voyaged to Spain, "the limits of the West," in his efforts for Christ. He wrote three other Epistles, and during his imprisonment in the year 67, he wrote the last of those Epistles which still exist, his second letter to Timothy.

Just outside Rome, at the Silvan marsh, in 67 A.D., Paul was beheaded. Thus ended the life of the greatest Christian missionary.

Paul had a fantastic career during his 30 years as a Christian. But his message did not stop with his death. He gave his "little children" (as he had called the Christians) his written word, in which he still shows his fiery love for Christ through the inspired lines. Today there remain 14 Pauline Epistles. Since the writing process was so laborious in those days, some estimate that the Epistles to the Romans could have taken Paul more than 30 days to write. Yet he wrote voluminously; his Epistles total a greater length than any two Gospels combined.

Paul's letters begin normally with a title that mentions the sender's name, the party for whom the letter was intended, and the greeting; the body of the letter follows, and Paul usually writes about the more abstract teachings before he answers questions or individual problems; in the conclusion, Paul's custom was to sign his name "with my own hand."

Paul wrote in Greek, in an un-

polished and breathless style that aims at moving the feelings and imagination, although he did not use parables, as Christ did. Paul dealt with men and their souls directly. His great love was life "in Christ Jesus," and when that love was attacked, Paul flamed with indignation.

His letters were passed from church to church, as Paul himself requested. "When this letter has been read out to you, Colossians, see that it is read out to the Laodicean church, too, and that you read the letter they have received at Laodicea."

Paul's writings are replete with coined words that were the beginnings of theological terminology, words such as *co-buried* and *co-risen* with Christ. His writing is characterized by the predominance of thought, not style, although at times his Epistles reach the apex of poetry, as in his description of charity: "If I speak with the tongues of men, and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass."

Paul wrote to individual men, to churches, to entire regions. He wrote to poor men and rich, farmers and educated men, to Jews and pagans. He wrote to close, intimate friends and to people he had never met.

He wrote of Christ's redemption as it affects the individual soul. The Epistles written during Paul's captivity speak of Christ's redemption

of all mankind. The Epistles to Timothy and Titus dwell on the teaching authority of the Church. The Epistle to the Hebrews teaches of Christ as High Priest.

Paul's three predominant doctrines are that Jesus is the Messiah, for He has fulfilled the prophecies; that Christ is the eternal, everlasting Son of God; that Christ's personal dwelling in the heart of each man transforms the community of Christians into Christ's mystical Body. Paul treats the entire Apostles' Creed under one or another aspect of his main themes.

His great scope of doctrine, the profundity of his vision, his digressive style (so strange to us though familiar to the people of his day) make St. Paul somewhat difficult for our generation to understand. But even to us his writings constitute a whole library of Christianity.

Tradition says that St. Paul was not handsome. He was short, and had a big nose and bushy eyebrows; he was also bald. His long beard gave his face an ascetic look. Paul was insignificant in looks, perhaps, but he was a dynamo charged with an overwhelming passion for Christ. He could not rest until he would "spend himself and be spent" in the service of Christ. A letter was the perfect medium for him to express

himself; he could thunder or be tender, could instruct or rhapsodize at will. He was sensitive, and at the same time spirited. He had "a will untamed, a heart eaten with a consuming fire" that was his love for Christ.

Paul never drew any line beyond which he would refuse to go for Christ. In fact, he gave suffering an important place in his work for souls. He himself was whipped five times, and beaten with rods three times; he was stoned thrice; he suffered shipwreck; he braved danger from robbers and the wilderness; he hungered and thirsted, and he nearly froze in the mountains.

Yet nothing could cut him off from his living love for his Lord. He summed up the list of his sufferings by saying, "Gladly therefore I will glory in my infirmities, that the strength of Christ may dwell in me. Wherefore I am satisfied, for Christ's sake, with infirmities, with insults, with hardships, with persecutions, with distresses." His beheading was the crimson crown of his life in Christ Jesus.

Paul was a mystic. He was lifted up to the third heaven and saw things that words could not relate. This experience only made him the more zealous to bring the teachings of Christ to all souls.



A conference is a gathering at which conversation is substituted for the dreariness of labor and the loneliness of thought. *Canadian Nurse* (July '55).

GI Joe Away From Home

*Your boy and mine overseas may break
some hearts, but they win many more*

MURDER CASES and drunken brawls involving American soldiers make front-page reading in countries where U.S. troops are stationed. GI Joe is sometimes pictured as a swaggering, drunken barbarian. Such an image means resentment, distrust, and fear in the minds of millions of Europeans and Asiatics in whose lands he is stationed, as well as nagging worry on the part of families back home.

Are boys drafted from our towns and cities becoming hoodlums? Are they a disgrace to their flag? Or are the reports distorted? Are they "needled up" to boost newspaper circulation, colored to fit the communist line?

Looking for the answers, I have visited American bases in a dozen countries in Europe, Africa, Asia. After some 10,000 miles of travel, I have reached these conclusions.

In all branches of the service, GI Joe has done some bad things overseas, but his misconduct is highly exaggerated. Though the helmet, not the halo, is still regula-



tion headgear, he is nowhere nearly so bad as some foreigners picture him: an arrogant, thoughtless boor. Nor is he as angelic as most Americans picture him: a smiling, boyish ambassador of good will, forever handing chocolate bars to grateful orphans. The truth lies somewhere in between.

Neither America nor any other nation has ever faced the problem on such a scale before. Never before have we had massive forces on allied soil in peacetime. The Pentagon is waging a steady offensive to keep troops reasonably in line and allied people happy.

We must realize that some troop-civilian friction is inevitable. It exists around military bases at

home. It is infinitely complicated abroad because of language barriers, differing customs, national touchiness, and communist propaganda.

Furthermore, the typical GI is no soul of tact. Unlike a tourist, who pays to go abroad, Joe often dislikes a foreign country. He knows little of local languages and customs and cares less. And no power on earth can keep him from bragging about how much better things are back home. He is homesick, and rowdier than he'd be back in the U.S. He has a strong suspicion that foreigners cheat him, and often they do.

The average GI who gets into serious trouble overseas is a green soldier, unmarried, and distressingly young, often under 20. Officers and senior noncoms are almost never involved; older, more responsible, and experienced, they are also more likely to have their families with them. But the average young recruit lives in barracks. He roams the streets or countryside or frequents beer joints, and may drink too much, fall in with cheap women, and get into a jam.

To get the facts on GI crime, Germany is by far the best place to study. We have more troops in Germany than anywhere else. And not too long ago the German press began turning a spotlight (and often a magnifying glass) on all incidents involving Americans.

Have things really been so bad in Germany? Army statisticians in-

sist that the annual crime rate has declined every year, nearly 40% in a four-year period. But even so, bad luck brought a number of ugly cases together in a short period. No wonder the German public got angry, and exercised to the full its new freedom to say whatever it liked. Free of control for the first time in 20 years, many papers had a hard time learning responsible journalism. Just look at these two samples.

A news story: drunken GI's tore up a German cafe. The facts: the troops were French Moroccans.

Another news story: brawling American drunks broke up the furniture in a German tavern. The facts: in an American military club (not a German place) soldiers stood on a table to get a better view of a roller-skating demonstration. Under their weight, the table broke. They promptly paid for it. There was no brawl.

Many responsible German officials admit the distortions. The police chief of Ulm, where local papers played up the "American crime wave," stoutly defended the 8,000 GI's stationed there, saying their crime rate was far lower than that of an equivalent 8,000 local citizens of the same age group. The lord mayor of Aschaffenburg said a great number of "incidents" were invented.

Nevertheless, the ugly fact remains that there were many distressing incidents within a short

period in Germany, and reaction was strong. Bamberg's city council voted unanimously to demand withdrawal of all American troops there, and the women's club asked army guarantees that German women would be safe on their own streets. Bavaria's minister-president demanded that U.S. authorities act to "guarantee the lives and security of German citizens." His parliament approved unprecedented recommendations to the U.S. army on how to control its troops. Other areas reacted with similar heat.

In Munich, capital of Bavaria, the city had 50 riot squad cars patrolling the streets; residential areas were banned to Americans.

Faced with such a storm, the European commander acted quickly. He imposed a midnight curfew before duty days, beefed up MP patrols, and intensified indoctrination talks. He tightened controls, so that habitual troublemakers could get no passes. Joints that had caused trouble were put off limits and German authorities were asked to control other places more carefully. Still, unpleasant incidents continue to provide grist for scandalmongers.

In Germany and other countries American drunken driving causes great resentment. Europeans consider this offense an even more shocking crime than we do.

In all countries, boorishness and too much drinking combine to produce a host of petty incidents which often cause more bitterness than

graver things. Insulting, rude, or arrogant conduct is not easily forgotten.

An English mayor, for example, found an American airman lost on a country road and gave him a lift back to base. The American offered him a ten-shilling note. The mayor smiled and refused. He got no thanks. Instead, the flier turned on his heel, saying, "I never thought any of you limeys would do anything for less than ten shillings."

In Germany, an American sergeant swaggered belligerently into a restaurant to demand, "What kind of nazi food have you krauts got tonight?" And then there is the small French town which proudly gave a banquet to celebrate its liberation by U.S. forces and invited Americans from near-by air bases as guests of honor. Exactly 100 Americans accepted, and four showed up. The rest decided that the affair would be boring, but didn't bother telling anybody they weren't coming. The French will be a long time forgetting the row after row of empty places at the tables.

Thus far, I have described the dark side of the GI picture, which is unfortunately the side most publicized. The brighter side is much more encouraging. While GI Joe is far from bucking for saint, volumes could be filled with his good deeds. He has an enormous amount of good will, if properly approached; no other soldier in the world can

touch him there. He will spend astonishing amounts of his own time and money in good works, if anybody points out what needs doing.

To encourage this side of him, and to build up pro-American feeling, is the job of the Pentagon's Community Relations program—COMREL for short. With its backing, American forces have produced a "witch" to delight Italian children during a festival, fed wild animals in snowbound forests, aided a Greek family to emigrate to Australia, and helped buy church bells in Britain and Germany.

GI Joe also has collected tinfoil to buy seeing-eye dogs in England; he has floodlit a French cathedral, parachuted baby food into Holland, volunteered blood for a Turkish blood bank, sprayed locusts in Morocco, and flown German children up to 10,000 feet in an effort to cure whooping cough.

Troop behavior is naturally a vital part, but only a part, of COMREL's problem. In general, it tries to see that foreign citizens are disturbed as little as possible by the presence of U.S. troops.

Sometimes COMREL goes to extraordinary lengths. Neither the U.S. commander of an air base in England, nor the British pig farmer just outside it, ever realized what screaming jet planes would do to pregnant sows. It caused them to farrow prematurely, and mad with fright, they killed their offspring.

The next time that piglets were about to arrive, the American commander ordered all jets stilled.

In Morocco, during the Lent-like Moslem fasting month called Ramadan, it is a sin for Moslems to eat or drink until the exact moment of sunset, often signaled by a cannon shot. Some Moroccans innocently began eating when they mistook for the sunset gun the sonic booms of American jets breaking the sound barrier. Learning this, we banned late-afternoon booms during Ramadan.

When Ramsgate, an English resort town, began losing tourists because our night jet flying made sleep difficult, we discontinued the flights.

Even before an American unit moves into a new place, COMREL suggests that its commander go on ahead, sit down with local mayors and important citizens, and work out such problems as water supply and traffic routing. Citizens who complain about the noisy jets are invited for tours of the base. They learn why jets make so much noise, why planes must fly the patterns they do. Sometimes they get rides in jet trainers—and usually come back wide-eyed jet fans, noise or no noise.

Realizing that too many foreign uniforms are a subtle irritant, COMREL directs Americans to wear civilian clothes off base as much as possible. But there are exceptions: Moroccans, who tried hard to bother

no Americans in their last riots, couldn't recognize them unless they were in uniform. And Berlin, isolated in communist Germany, likes the reassuring presence of Western uniforms.

In France and England, each base has a local trouble shooter to help keep troop-civilian relations smooth. When local parents near a base in France, for example, kept their daughters from going to base dances, our local aide broke the ice by inviting priests, mayors, and civic leaders to be chaperons.

When an American pilot mentioned that in the 2nd World War he had been shot down in France and saved by two members of Resistance forces, the civilian consultant at his base hunted up the two Frenchmen and staged a reunion.

COMREL officers work closely with American diplomatic and U.S. Information agency personnel, who often know local conditions well. In one Arab kingdom, where Russia is trying to undermine Western influence, I saw this cooperation pay off. Our air-base commander and a USIA man learned that the king had a brand-new national anthem he had never yet had a chance to hear, except as played on a few squeaky flutes and fiddles. They got the base band to work out a full-dress arrangement in secret, then sprang it on the king when he visited the base. His Majesty stood a foot taller, with a smile like the sun.

Next to alcohol, language troubles cause most COMREL problems. Most GI's stubbornly refuse to learn more than a pidgin form of the local language. This isolates them and almost guarantees trouble.

"We figure," one COMREL officer in Germany says, "that if a man gets to know even one foreigner as a real friend, he's no problem to us any more." Unfortunately, he rarely does, because of the language barrier. So COMREL has tried to nudge soldiers into activities requiring little or no knowledge of another language.

Many Americans sing in choirs, or take part in other church activities. A surprising number of GI's play in local symphony orchestras. Roving U.S. bands, orchestras, and glee clubs drum up much friendly feeling. One U.S. Air Force drum-and-bugle corps twice stole the show at the Edinburgh Music festival.

Since our football and baseball are almost unknown to foreigners, COMREL pushes the great international game of soccer. The Air Force alone has some 200 teams.

Another factor in building good relations is the aid given by our military firemen. With their fast, modern equipment, they often have fires out before local forces arrive. On one such occasion, however, our men won a Pyrrhic victory.

"But, *messieurs!*" the French fire chief remonstrated. "Do you know what you have done? You have

just saved the office of the Communist party!"

There is another kind of action, perhaps the most heart-warming of all: the spontaneous gesture by individual Americans or units.

One day in Genoa, Italy, a U.S. sailor read about a Genoese man who was trying to sell one of his eyes to raise money to help his polio-stricken daughter. The sailor went to work; his whole ship chipped in. Even today, several years later, the same ship, wherever she is, sends an annual donation to that family.

In Paris, a sergeant's wife heard about a French boy with the rare "glass illness," which made his bones break at the slightest pressure. Under her leadership, other American wives baked cakes and pies to raise money for expensive, and successful, operations.

There is no counting the thousands of orphans and poor children who have been helped, sometimes adopted, by our forces. The Navy has a pleasant custom: when a ship leaves America for the Mediterranean, either her home port or the city after which she is named contributes tons of clothing for needy people overseas.

During Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays, all American bases sponsor parties, with tons of food, candy, and toys for poor children. One base still keeps a thank-you note from 90 little French orphan

girls. They wrote it themselves, in English, and their teachers wisely made no corrections. Part of it says: "And, ah, the drinkables! So rich, yellow, and pink, with straw pipes! It tastes so well, the little gluttons we are!"

This is the other side of GI Joe. His good deeds rarely get the publicity of his bad ones, but they are not forgotten, either. They sink slowly into the public consciousness as a counterweight to the headlines screaming rape and murder.

Consider the small German city of Bad Hersfeld, where a U.S. court-martial found a young GI guilty of several appalling crimes. Bad Hersfeld was understandably shocked over this man's behavior.

But it was this same city which wrote to President Eisenhower, asking that a certain American officer once stationed there be allowed to come back to see a new orphanage officially dedicated. The White House found that a California colonel had led his men in an almost incredible list of good works in Bad Hersfeld, capped by raising \$10,000 toward the cost of the \$25,000 orphanage. A White House phone call cut red tape, and the colonel was on hand for the dedication.

It is likely that any reasonable Bad Hersfelder, weighing the two men against each other, will decide that the colonel represents the real face of America.



This Was Michelangelo

'Good painting is the shadow of God's brush'

ALL ROADS LEAD to Rome, and in Rome every intelligent traveler pays at least one visit to the chapel built within the Vatican by Pope Sixtus IV. For more than 400 years, the wonderful paintings on the vaulted ceiling and behind the altar of the Sistine chapel have borne witness to the genius of the artist, Michelangelo Buonarroti.

It took Michelangelo four years to compose and execute the ceiling frescoes, which tell the story of creation as set forth in Genesis. Almost 30 years later, he spent five years painting the magnificent *Last Judgment*, a somber and splendid backdrop for the Pope's altar. Except for the help of a few laborers, he did the work singlehanded. He worked in solitude, barring the doors against even Popes Julius II and Paul III, who had commissioned the decorations.

Michelangelo was an artist—a Titan in an age of Titans: the age of Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael,

Botticelli. He was not only a painter. During the last 18 years of his long life, he was chief architect of St. Peter's, and he designed the great dome of the basilica. He was a sculptor of the first rank; his statues of David and of Moses are as superb as his murals. And he was one of the best Italian poets of his time.

He was born in 1475 and he died in 1564, barely a month short of his 90th birthday. He was 17 when Columbus discovered America; 39 when Portuguese expansion to the East reached Malaya; 72 when Ivan the Terrible was crowned the Czar of Muscovy; 83 when Elizabeth I came to the throne of England. He had been dead only a year when Ponce de Leon founded the first Spanish settlement in Florida.

Michelangelo described himself as "a citizen of Florence, of noble birth, and son of an honorable man." His mother died when he was six. At school he did badly, spending his time drawing instead of applying himself to his studies.

*Columbus Plaza, New Haven 7, Conn. October, 1957. © 1957 by the Knights of Columbus, and reprinted with permission.

His father and his uncles, who took a dim view of art, thrashed the boy regularly in an effort to change his habits. Yet all his life he remained a devoted son and the mainstay of his family.

When he was 13, the family reconciled themselves to the fact that they had an artist on their hands. Michelangelo was bound out as an apprentice to Ghirlandajo, a celebrated Florentine painter, some of whose murals are to be seen on the side walls of the Sistine chapel. At 16, the boy decided that he preferred sculpture to painting. Ghirlandajo recommended him to Prince Lorenzo de Medici. Lorenzo admitted him to the school in the gardens of St. Mark, directed by Bertoldo, a pupil of Donatello.

He did not entirely abandon painting. Art students made themselves useful in various mediums. Michelangelo went with a team of young contemporaries to work on the frescoes in a Florentine church. One day, he made fun of Torigiani, a less gifted colleague. Torigiani punched him in the face, giving him the broken nose that marked him for life, and helped convince Michelangelo that he was the ugliest man in Italy.

His great work began when Pope Julius II summoned him to Rome in 1505. It was the beginning of a stormy relationship. Julius was one of the ablest of the Popes, but he could be as fussy in his demands as the rector of any parish. He was

just starting the construction of St. Peter's. First, he wanted Michelangelo to do a great marble tomb. Then he changed his mind, and set him to work on a colossal bronze statue, though the artist protested that he knew nothing about working in bronze. Finally, in 1508, Michelangelo reluctantly consented to decorate the ceiling of the Sistine chapel. He firmly believed that his enemy, Bramante, had urged the Pope to commission the frescoes, in the hope that they would turn out a failure.

The loud quarrels that accompanied all these shifts (once Julius II had Michelangelo ejected from the Vatican by a groom) have led some historians to conclude that the artist was probably sympathetic to the Protestant Reformation. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Michelangelo was a faithful Catholic. But he rightfully thought that papal infallibility did not extend to those matters of design, composition, and color in which he was a master.

At any rate, Julius II was basically right in persuading the artist to accept the assignment. Michelangelo, for all his forebodings, took the commission as a challenge, and brought off the nearly impossible largely because his rivals said he could not do it.

But his great masterpiece was not just a response to a challenge. It was also a work of devotion. This is how Michelangelo spoke of his

art, when he was 64, in a conversation with a Portuguese painter, Francisco de Hollanda. "Good painting," he said, "approaches unity with God. It is only a copy of his perfection, the shadow of his brush, his harmony. And so, it is not enough for the painter to be a great and accomplished master craftsman. I believe firmly that his life should be pure and holy, as far as possible, so that the Holy Spirit may guide his thoughts."

Unable to persuade Julius II to give the work of painting the Sistine ceiling to Raphael, Michelangelo assumed the burden. He discharged the helpers engaged for him, competent painters from Florence, and tore down the preliminary scaffolding erected by his enemy, Bramante. The new one was of his own design. He then barred the chapel doors, and on May 10, 1508, began his task.

It was finished on All Saints' day, 1512, after four stormy years. The traveler who has to crane his neck or even lie on the floor of the chapel to examine the masterpiece in detail can imagine dimly what torture it must have been for Michelangelo to paint as he did during those long months.

He described the result in a facetious poem. His body, he claimed, was bent backward like a bow, his stomach where his chin should be; his beard pointed heavenward; his skull clung to his back. "I don't know where I'm walking, because

I can't see my feet, and so much paint has dripped from the brush to my face that my skin is all colors." As for his mind, he said, that was in bad shape, too, for who can play correctly on a crooked flute?

Furthermore, although every person of taste recognized the quality of Michelangelo's master work, and every reverent mind saw the grandeur and piety of his conception, Michelangelo himself was dissatisfied. "Painting is not my line," he said. "I am no painter."

A little more than three months later, Pope Julius II died. Michelangelo went back to Florence, after signing a seven-year contract. It provided for the design and construction of a great tomb for the late Pope, including the carving of 32 immense statues.

This might be supposed to be work enough for one man. But the new Pope, a Florentine and a Medici, proposed to put a new façade on the Church of San Lorenzo, at Florence. Michelangelo signed another contract to do this work, and from then on he was in deep trouble. One of the difficulties was that the supreme artist was obsessed by the idea of doing everything himself, even to overseeing the quarries where the stone would be cut, even to building the roads by which the enormous blocks of marble could reach the highway to Florence.

All this work wasted time, almost five years, and brought him

nothing but fresh quarrels. In 1520, Pope Leo X canceled the contract for San Lorenzo, since no progress had been made on the work. He died 18 months later, and was succeeded by Adrian VI, who reigned in the Vatican only a year and nine months, until September, 1523.

Then came Clement VII, one of Michelangelo's greatest admirers. He gave the artist a house, an ample pension, and a fresh commission: to design a Medici family chapel, with four monumental tombs. Unfortunately, the heirs of Julius II demanded to know when *his* tomb would be completed. It was now long overdue, and not even started.

Michelangelo had a keen conscience, though he had even less business sense than the average artist. To fulfill his duty to the memory of Julius II, he refused the pension and the house. This decision solved nothing, since it left him worse off than before, and in no position to get anything done.

He was now in his 53rd year, harassed by family disputes and financial entanglements. At this point, in 1527, a revolution broke out in Florence. Citizens who remembered the days of freedom expelled the Medicis, and attempted to restore the old republic. Almost at the same time, the army of Charles V of Spain pillaged Rome.

As a Florentine, Michelangelo threw himself into the rebellion with enthusiasm. In 1529, he be-

came chief engineer of the fortifications of Florence, then under siege. The defense collapsed in an atmosphere of treachery characteristic of an age that depended on mercenary soldiers and free-lance generals. Michelangelo went underground. Other rebel leaders were executed without mercy.

The artist had been fighting against the rule of the Medici family in Florence, and Pope Clement VII was himself a Medici. But Michelangelo was forgiven, on condition that he return to his work on the tombs of Julius II and of the Medici family. He did so, but they were never finished on the grand scale he had planned.

In 1534 Clement VII died. Without the Pope's protection, Michelangelo was not safe in Florence. He went back to Rome, this time for good. He was 59. Twenty-two years had passed since the painting of the Sistine ceiling. He had little to show for all that time, except unfinished monuments and a few statues, remarkable in themselves but far below his visions.

The new Pope, Paul III, at once took Michelangelo into his own service. The first commission was to paint a mural of the Last Judgment on the end wall of the Sistine chapel. The ceiling had told the story of the creation, from *Genesis*. This would show the end, as a balance to the beginning.

The artist was appalled. He pleaded, argued, begged, and even

talked of entering a monastery near Genoa, where he could work in peace on his sculpture, with the Carrara marble quarries near by. Paul III was inflexible. In September, 1535, he appointed Michelangelo chief Vatican architect, sculptor, and painter. And from April, 1536, to November, 1541, for more than five years, the artist labored at his gigantic and immortal *Last Judgment*.

During this difficult time he met Vittoria Colonna, widow of a disolute general, the Marquis Pescara. She was an intellectual, sincerely religious, and deeply interested in the Catholic Counter-Reformation, the reform of the Church's discipline without rejection of its doctrines. Michelangelo fell in love with her, and she with him.

Their love was poetic and spiritual, as became two admirers of Dante. When they met, he was 61; she, 44. She was living in seclusion at the cloister of San Silvestro on the Pincian hill. There Michelangelo, a lonely, ugly, tortured old Cyrano of the arts, visited Vittoria on Sundays. Sometimes a little group gathered for discussions on art and religion; the nature

of good painting or St. Paul's Epistles might furnish a subject. Vittoria broadened and strengthened Michelangelo's faith during the whole period of his last work on the Sistine chapel.

She died in 1544, and the artist was inconsolable. For months he seemed to have lost all sense of direction. But she had seen the tremendous achievement of the *Last Judgment*, when it was unveiled on Christmas day, 1541, in the presence of pilgrims and prelates from all over Europe. From then on, Michelangelo's reputation was securely established at the summit of Western religious art.

He lived another 20 years. At the time of his death he was not only Vatican art director, but also chief architect and superintendent for the construction of St. Peter's. He continued his lonely, dedicated existence, working until the very end of his life.

The visitor to the Sistine chapel, looking at Michelangelo's tremendous murals, may recall with profit what he said of his art: "Good painting approaches unity with God. It is only a copy of his perfection, the shadow of his brush."



WHERE THE RACE GOES TO THE SWIFT

A small boy who was batting balls in his own back yard was asked by a neighbor child where his brother was. "Oh," replied the tyke airily, "he's still in the house playing a duet. I finished first."

Cedric Adams in the *Minneapolis Star* (22 Sept. '57).

Uncle Sam and the King's English

He is trying to make the people who write his letters put them in plain terms

A FORMER COLLEGE English teacher is trying to show Uncle Sam's 750,000 letter writers how to write less like government letter writers. Happily for millions of suffering readers, she is having some success.

"Avoid needless words and needless information," counsels Kay Pearson, the teacher turned letter-writing expert. "Use short words, short sentences, short paragraphs. Tie your thoughts together so that your reader can follow you without getting lost."

Miss Pearson thinks that a letter writer who practices what she preaches will improve readability and eliminate gobbledygook. She bases her lessons on a "4S formula": shortness, simplicity, strength, and sincerity, plus 17 terse rules for letter-writing success. Ultimately, she predicts, the 4S formula will save Uncle Sam millions of dollars every year.

Miss Pearson's students are hand-

ed such letter-writing examples as this. "We are wondering if sufficient time has passed so that you are in a position to indicate to us whether favorable action may now be taken on our recommendation for the reclassification of Miss Betty Smith, junior clerk-stenographer, to assistant clerk-stenographer?"

She advises her students to boil those 43 words down to something like this. "May we now promote Miss Betty Smith?"

Thirty-three colored slides are flashed on a screen to help the instructional pill slide down more easily. One contains this example of how not to write. "The committee cautioned against any failure to fully capitalize on the accelerated procedures for examining and inducting graduates of colleges and other higher institutions of learning into the federal service."

It is far less gobbledygookish, the slide says, to write this way. "The committee urged direct recruiting

*44 Broad St., New York City 4. Aug. 16, 1957. © 1957 by Dow Jones & Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

of college graduates for federal service."

Miss Pearson's job was created by a Hoover commission recommendation. The commission, which had studied ways to streamline government paper work, declared that huge savings could be made through better, simpler letter writing.

The commission reported that bureaucratic paper shuffling costs more than \$4 billion a year, equal to about \$100 in taxes for the average family. Much of this expense is for the 1.2 billion letters sent out each year by government officials. This prodigious output, if stacked, would reach 390 miles into the stratosphere; and if opened and laid end to end would circle the globe five times.

Many government letter writers, the commission observed, "deserve their reputation for long sentences, long paragraphs, and long words. Government letters abound with legal terms, abstract nouns, passive verbs, dense subordinate clauses."

This "government style," the commission reported, produces letters that are unduly long and thus unnecessarily costly. Worse, it often calls for a second letter to explain what the first one meant. The result is a \$1 average cost per letter. The commission estimated that the U.S. could save up to \$75 million a year through improved letter writing.

That's where Kay Pearson comes in. During 1957, she has inoculated

some 1,200 key government letter writers with her 4S formula. One of her students is her boss, Franklin G. Floete, head of the General Services administration, Uncle Sam's housekeeping agency.

The CSA chief, Miss Pearson makes it clear, doesn't need tips on letter writing as badly as some of his employees do. She recalls, for instance, the time Mr. Floete read with horror a letter written by a subordinate for his signature. Mr. Floete wound up by taking pen in hand himself to cut its cumbersome sentences in half.

"The top brass for the most part write well," Miss Pearson says. "Problems occur when a man down the line writes something for his boss's signature."

Thus far, Miss Pearson has concentrated on policy makers, correspondence supervisors, and instructors. She urges them to go back to their agencies and purge lower-echelon bureaucrats of their bad letter-writing habits. Eventually, she hopes, everyone who writes a government letter will take a course aimed at improving his product.

Besides using workbooks containing examples of bad letter writing, students get a briskly written government handbook on writing readable letters. The booklet includes a "watchlist" of words to avoid.

Effectuate is described as a pompous way of saying "to bring about." Of *expedite*, the booklet asks, "Can't

we say *hasten* or *hurry*?" The handbook goes on, "*Facilitate* means 'make easy,' but it makes hard reading for some people." *Utilization* is labeled "an inflated word for *use*." And writers are urged to forget such verbal monstrosities as "predi-

cated on the assumption" and "full-est possible extent."

Some 114,000 copies of this handbook, officials say, have been sold to the public, including an estimated 81,000 to letter writers in private industry and the professions.

KID STUFF

Four-year-old Ruth was having her first ride on a train. The train traveled a few miles and plunged into a tunnel. There were gasps of surprise from where Ruth was sitting. Suddenly the train rushed into broad daylight again, and a small voice cried in amazement, "It's tomorrow already!" F. Frangart.

Little Christopher, one and a half years old, was talking away excitedly. No one could quiet him. Mother tried to slow him down with, "Yes, dear; yes, dear." It didn't work. Chrissy mumbled on and on.

Dad was the next to try and got nowhere. "Will someone find out what this baby is trying to say?" he demanded.

Mother, who was getting desperate by that time, retorted, "I don't know. Why don't you find somebody his age and ask him?" Mrs. Agatha Poulin.

On her way to a music lesson, my boss's eight-year-old daughter dropped into the office. It was one of those hectic days when everything goes wrong. She watched openmouthed as her father barked orders, shouted over the telephone, and snapped at his secretary. As the girl was leaving, she stood in the doorway and announced to everyone in general, "My daddy's a nice man—at home!" Ernest Blevins.

A poor little rich boy sat at his bedroom window, gazing out sadly as he considered how impossible parents can be. Finally, he stood up, a look of determination on his face, and rang for a servant.

"Yes, sir?" the servant asked, appearing at the door.

"Pack my bag, Ferguson," the little boy ordered sharply. "I've decided to run away." Hal Chadwick.

What Are the Newman Clubs Doing?

Their activities and their problems increase every year

AT ONE TIME, Newman clubs confined themselves to bringing Mass and the sacraments to Catholic students on secular campuses, and sponsoring social activities to keep Catholics together. Today the trend is to supplement the spiritual program with a thorough intellectual training. This training helps Catholic students influence the secularized atmosphere around them.

On some campuses, the name of the Catholic student organization has been changed from Newman club to Newman center or Newman foundation. In certain larger schools two overlapping but distinct groups exist: a club for social activities, a foundation for the intellectual. Several state universities give full academic credit for courses in theology, dogma, Church history, and apologetics taught in the Newman centers on their campuses.

Some chaplains are thinking even farther ahead. Msgr. Paul J. Hallinan, who directs the Intercol-

legiate Newman Club of Cleveland, speaks of "the establishment at certain universities of a house of studies or an institute conducted by priests." He says, "Those priests would maintain a Catholic spiritual, devotional, and cultural life right on the campus for Catholic students, as the Jesuits, Benedictines, and others do at Oxford. Such an institute would also contribute to the main stream of the university's intellectual life."

The primary purpose of Newman



*377 4th Ave., New York City 16. August, 1957. © 1957 by the A.M.D.G. Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

clubs, of course, is pastoral. Any emphasis placed upon their other aims (Christian intellectual formation, provision for social life in a Catholic atmosphere) is up to the chaplain and the members.

One of the strongest clubs is that at Louisiana State university in Baton Rouge. Two full-time chaplains (who occasionally have help from a priest studying at the university) care for 3,600 Catholics. The club is supported by Archbishop Joseph E. Rummel of New Orleans, by the Knights of Columbus, and by \$2-a-semester dues from members. It has a well-equipped student center with chapel, library, auditorium, classrooms, and club-rooms. A substantial building program is now under way.

In addition to a full round of social activities the Louisiana State Newman center offers a four-year course in theology and philosophy, the latter running from introductory lectures through epistemology to rational psychology. Activities include discussion clubs, a Gregorian choir, and a weekly radio show broadcast over a Baton Rouge station.

Four Masses are offered every Sunday in the chapel. Chaplains estimate that 90% of the Catholics on campus attend. Communion have increased steadily. In its 28-year history, the club has led to many Catholic marriages and a creditable number of vocations: 19 priests, ten Sisters, four Brothers.

A difficult situation exists at the large metropolitan universities. Students are scattered all over the city, and a wide range of class schedules makes getting them together a real obstacle. Even so, the problem is not insurmountable. At Washington university in St. Louis, for example, the Newman foundation offers nine different courses every semester, some of them taught by professors from neighboring St. Louis university. Each Catholic student is informed that he is expected to take at least two hours a semester, and even though no academic credit is allowed, attendance is good.

In addition, Washington has a separate Newman club. It sponsors a comprehensive program in the fields of Catholic action, apostolic life (convert work, periodic days of recollection, an annual retreat), Christian culture, and social living (dances, picnics, and Sunday suppers).

At the opposite end of the scale is the club in the small college with only a few Catholics, where the chaplain may be a curate borrowed from a near-by parish. Sunday Mass, a weekly meeting, and one or two social events a year may be about all that can be managed.

The Newman club's perennial problem is reaching all the Catholics it is meant to serve. About one in five Catholics on secular campuses is a Newman club member.

"The figures may not sound im-

pressive," says Monsignor Hallinan. "Is that really important? Each year for ten years, I have joyfully watched 50 to 100 of some 2,000 Catholic students walk out to meet the demands of modern community living; civic, professional and social leadership; modern marriage; modern Religious life. They are our heaven. I certainly wish for and will continue to work for 2,000. I am grateful for the 50 or 100."

Monsignor Hallinan recalls that he invited a well-known canon lawyer, now a bishop, to lecture on Christian jurisprudence to law students seven years ago. Only seven students came. The chaplain apologized to the speaker.

"That's not bad," his guest said. "You may not be getting all of them, but you are getting the best of them. These are the men who will be taking positions of responsibility in and around Cleveland in years to come."

Today, one of the seven is a state senator, another is a county judge, a third is law director in a suburban community, a fourth is secretary of the county bar association. "It happened," says Monsignor Hallinan, "a little sooner than the bishop predicted."

The early years of the Newman club movement in the U.S. were marked by indifferent support from American Catholics. Many feared that well-endowed Catholic centers would attract large numbers of Catholics to secular colleges and

universities, siphoning off enrollment at Catholic schools and exposing thousands of young Catholics to secular influences.

"No one," says Msgr. Robert E. Tracy of LSU, "should attempt to minimize the serious danger to faith that positively exists on the non-Catholic campus. However, the whole picture should be presented, and that danger looked at in its proper context. The danger is very great in some areas (sociology, psychology, education) and rather small in others (chemistry, physics, engineering). Nowadays it is not so much the frontal attack on faith but the polite lip service to religion merely as a benign influence on society that does the damage. Personally, I am inclined to think that the dangers to faith and morals are at least just as great in an office as on a secular campus."

As to whether good Newman clubs mean more Catholics at secular schools, it should be pointed out that Newman chaplains are not happy about the large numbers already there, and have no wish to attract more. In a statement published two years ago by their national association, the chaplains declared, "There can be no ideally perfect education which is not Christian education. This is best achieved by the Catholic college and university, where God is centrally studied and daily worshiped."

One priest, after 15 years as chaplain to Catholic students at a sec-

ular university in New England, put it even more emphatically. "My sister has five kids," he said. "I'd get down on my hands and knees to scrub floors, if necessary, to see that they get a Catholic education."

But the chaplains think that the whole argument is unrealistic, because of the dramatic spurt in the numbers of Catholics at secular schools. Today there are 400,000 of them; by 1970, informed observers say, the total will jump to 540,000.

The fact is that it is no longer possible for Catholic colleges to accept all who apply. Registrars at Church-sponsored schools are forced to turn away thousands of applicants every September. Other Catholic high-school graduates will continue to choose secular colleges for one of a variety of reasons: lower tuition, availability of specialized courses not offered at Catholic schools in their area, and in some cases the superior professional standing of a particular non-Catholic institution.

Only 104 out of a total of 693 chaplains are assigned to Newman club work on a full-time basis. For most of the others it is a second assignment added to regular parish duties.

The priest in the busiest city parish has no more demands on his time than the Newman club chaplain. "I am in my office on campus every day from 9 to 5," says Father David Power of the University of

Massachusetts, "and rarely do I have five free minutes during those hours. I have to return frequently in the evening. Youngsters come in with all kinds of problems. Others I send for when I hear they are on the skids. And of course there is also the convert field; it requires as much time as can be spared. If we are not there when a student who is in need comes in, he may not return."

Father George Garrelts of the Newman foundation at the University of Minnesota adds, "The Newman chaplain is a parish priest who has his parish in his living room every school day, a college dean who makes up his courses and finds his teachers to fit the needs of his students, a money raiser and a moneylender."

So far, fund raising for Newman clubs has been a local proposition. With the Church in America entering upon a second "brick-and-mortar" period the needs of Catholics in secular institutions are often considered secondary. Moreover, support of a Newman club at a state university, which draws Catholic students from a wide area, often falls solely upon the hard-pressed bishop of the diocese where the university is located. In some places (at the University of Minnesota, for example, and at the Intercollegiate Newman club of Cleveland) the local Knights of Columbus have given generous support. Alumni groups also help. Father Charles

W. Albright, executive secretary of the Newman federation, thinks that only a national organization comparable to the Catholic Church Extension society, which finances home missions, could insure an adequate flow of funds.

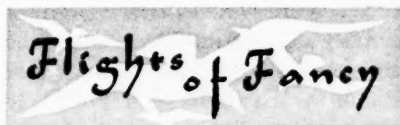
Newman chaplains urge Catholic high-school teachers and Catholic parents to impress upon youngsters who choose secular colleges that they have an obligation to continue Catholic education. Monsignor Hallinan says, "When the Catholic freshman steps onto the secular campus convinced that theology is at least as important in his life as courses in Western civilization or physical education (not to speak of his core subjects for professional training), the Newman club can do its job. It is sometimes assumed by good people that it is the Newman club's role to get the Catholic student interested in his religion. It

seems to me its major role should be rather to *keep him interested.*"

Bishop Albert L. Fletcher, whose Little Rock diocese takes in the entire state of Arkansas, insists that every Catholic get his pastor's permission before enrolling in a secular college.

Once there, a student is expected to join the Newman club and take part in its spiritual and intellectual activities. If he does not, he is refused permission to continue at the non-Catholic school.

Bishop Fletcher is organizing a drive to raise \$250,000 for the Newman center at the University of Arkansas. And Bishop Maurice J. Schexnayder, himself a former chaplain and now episcopal moderator of the Newman federation, said recently, "We must not do as little as we can for the Catholic student in the secular college or university, but as much as we can."



Pheasant under glass: small bird with a large bill. *Wall Street Journal*

Sky with upswept cloud-do.

S. S. Biddle

Arpeggio of giggles. *James Thurber*

Lieutenant-commander: wife of a lieutenant. *Mary C. Dorsey*

Traffic was fin to fender. *Time*

Rake scratching the back of the lawn. *Mrs. Rita LeBell*

Critic writing in cleaver style.

Claire B. Keane

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Match Wits With the Quiz Winners

*If you 'use your head' your
own intelligence may be
equal or superior to theirs*

AMERICA," writes English journalist Gerald McKnight, "seems to be populated these days almost exclusively by a race of geniuses."

McKnight is not referring to the scientists who work on atomic-energy projects, or the physicians who are attempting to prolong human life. He means the people who have been appearing on television quiz shows: Charles Van Doren, Teddy Nadler, Robert Strom, and the rest of the big-money winners on such programs as *The \$64,000 Question* and *Twenty-One*. For nearly two years, week in and week out, the TV industry has been coming up with one new "genius" after another, and some of them have achieved matinee-idol status.

The public impression is that all are superhuman intellects, veritable Einsteins in their own chosen fields. Overnight, the quiz whizzes become celebrated for their sensitivity, erudition, and general intelligence.



Webster's *New International Dictionary* defines intelligence as "the capacity of knowledge and understanding, especially as applied to the handling of novel situations; the power of meeting a novel situation successfully by adjusting one's behavior to the total situation; the ability to apprehend the interrelationship of presented facts in such a way as to guide action toward a desired goal."

*57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City 19. September, 1957. © 1957 by the Hearst Corp., and reprinted with permission.

Psychologists are still not sure whether intelligence is a single characteristic of the individual or the sum of his abilities to deal with various types of situations. Psychiatrist Karl Menninger says, "Knowledge is the material stored; intelligence is the capacity for using it."

Presumably, Teddy Nadler, having stored up tremendous knowledge, and owning at the same time the ability to produce it in a given situation (answering a question), is exercising a superior intelligence.

Not necessarily, say explorers of the brain. Scientists long have noted that having an extraordinary memory does not necessarily indicate extraordinary abilities in other directions. "Not all who have good memories can be said to have good minds," says Dr. Menninger. "There are the so-called *idiot savants* who can perform feats of memory and yet have 'no sense at all.'"

Yet there are many examples of people with fine minds who also possessed prodigious memories. Mozart, after once hearing the *Miserere* of Allegri, wrote it out from memory. Caesar is said to have known all the soldiers in his armies by name.

Such abilities seem to be inborn. Somehow, and scientists do not know how, the brain can retain and call up information when it is needed. Intelligence, however, is something else again. It is, as Will Cuppy once put it, the way we tell our friends from the apes. Over 25

years ago, a scientist did attempt to distinguish between a human being and an ape by raising his child and a chimpanzee together. Both were given the same privileges and advantages, punishments and deprivations. During the first year, the monkey outdistanced the child in dexterity, perception, and memory. Then, however, the human baby took the lead and maintained it. He learned to talk, and his simian friend became irritable. The monkey eventually did learn to speak 40 recognizable words, but his mental development stopped at that point; the baby's continued to develop as he grew.

Feats of youthful brain power by such television prodigies as Gloria Lockerman or Robert Strom have caused some people to think that a person becomes less intelligent as he grows old. The fact that so many old people seem childish bolstered this theory. But scientists think that intelligence develops to a high point usually reached in the teens, and that it stops there. However, a person may be able to make better use of his intelligence as he gains more experience and knowledge.

Because intelligence is God-given, a failure to accumulate knowledge apparently has little effect upon it. Native wit has carried many people of limited education to success without benefit of formal education. Casey Stengel's language is a subject of joke, but his Yankees are mighty successful. And Justice Wil-

liam O. Douglas noted a high degree of intelligence among illiterate tribes in Asia.

Intelligence seems to be less dependent upon knowledge than upon emotions and adaptability. "Given good health and freedom from neurosis, an individual will find his basic intelligence becoming more valuable to him as the years go by," says one psychiatrist.

Most doctors agree that emotional stability may be one key to intellectual achievement. "I saw the intelligence quotient of an 11-year-old boy rise from 65 to 90 over a period of three years after psychiatric treatment," Dr. Menninger says. There are countless examples of children who, upon transferring from an unhappy school situation to a happy one, began to exhibit marked improvement.

Although intelligence can be aided by removal of emotional problems, emotional problems cannot always be removed by exercise of intelligence. Vincent Van Gogh, as movie-goers know, had an extra-dimensional eye that enabled him to paint incredibly beautiful interpretations of people and landscapes. Yet his painter's intelligence did not prevent him from slicing off one of his ears in a tragically absurd gesture of self-abnegation.

Curiously enough, an emotional crisis may stimulate one's intelligence to unusual achievement. Many combat veterans commended for heroism under fire reported that

they had no idea what prompted them to perform the feats for which they were decorated. But each had performed acts calling for a high degree of intelligence.

Scientists are devoting much time to finding ways to increase the efficiency with which we use our intelligence. But one of the most interesting advances has come from a man who is not a scientist in the strictest sense, Alex Osborn, a former advertising man. Osborn contends that people can be taught to think creatively, and proves it by classes he has conducted at various New York universities. He advocates that problems be attacked with fresh, open minds in groups, a process he calls "brainstorming."

Impressed by Osborn's ideas, General Electric set up a school for inventors in its main plant at Schenectady, N.Y. Young men with high IQ's were sent to the school from the plant's training program. More than a thousand valuable patents were devised by students in the school over the first ten-year period. Other universities and industrial institutions are now adapting Osborn's ideas to their own purposes. He predicts that the day will come when courses in creative thought will be required at all colleges.

Charles Van Doren, perhaps the most popular of all the big-quiz contestants, was an instructor at Columbia university before he shot to the top of the quiz heap. He had had some trouble making up his

mind about his career. He had taken degrees in mathematics and in English and had briefly considered becoming an actor before he finally decided upon the academic life.

His memory is prodigious, but it is not memory that sets him apart, according to producers of *Twenty-One*. "Charlie has the ability to see relationships within his knowledge," says one. "He had been taught from boyhood to use his mental power fully."

Not many of the contestants are Van Dorens. Most of the quiz show "geniuses," according to the real definitions of intelligence, may not be geniuses at all. Mert Koplin, of Entertainment Productions, Inc., producer of the two \$64,000 shows, says that no statistics are available to indicate the average intelligence quotients of the people who have appeared on the show. The good showmanship of the producers may make the big-money winners appear

to be more brilliant than they are.

This doesn't mean that all big-money quiz contestants win by a fluke. But it does provide a certain amount of reassurance for the person of average intelligence who may feel that he is deficient if he cannot name the Balearic islands or describe the boundaries of Liechtenstein. And it should reassure those people who can cope with ordinary problems but who have trouble remembering what they ate for dinner the day before.

Scientists say persons with high IQ's often have terrible memories, and that persons with below-average intelligence frequently remember everything they hear. A man's IQ is not the most important factor in material success, but the amount of his intelligence that he can hook up to new problems. Real intelligence is the ability to get along from day to day in an intelligent manner, to use common sense. But common sense is not so common.

SERVICE INTERRUPTED

Little Catherine is addicted to long telephone conversations. She particularly likes to "call up God." One day she was so engaged on the upstairs telephone when her father picked up the one downstairs.

Rather brusquely, he said, "Get off the line, Catherine," and then started to dial his number.

Just then Catherine came racing down the stairs, her eyes like saucers. "Daddy, daddy, I was just talking to God," she gasped. "But this time He talked to me!"

Minneapolis Tribune (9 Oct. '57).

Money and Prejudice

Nineteenth in a series of articles on the Catholic Digest Survey of the race problem in the U.S.

SOME SOCIOLOGISTS say that all social conflict is basically economic. According to the theory, wars are not fought to decide great issues of international justice, but to gain colonies, raw materials, markets. The same argument is applied to industrial strife: it is simply a matter of management and labor squabbling over profits.

Such a theory seems to offer a neat explanation of the Negro-white problem. Whites and Negroes, competing for scarce jobs, come into conflict with one another. If that theory is true, then racial strife is not so much a matter of prejudice as of practical judgment; it is all part of the human struggle for existence. In the process, injustices may be done, charity may be lacking, but at least there is a reasonable explanation for what happens.

To test that theory, Ben Gaffin & Associates, a national research agency which is conducting the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey of the race problem, put this question to the American people: "Who do you think feel more friendly toward

Negroes—whites who have lots of money or whites who don't have much money?"

| | WHITES | | NEGROES | |
|-------------------------------|--------|-------|---------|-------|
| <i>Friendlier to Negroes:</i> | North | South | North | South |
| Wealthy whites | 15% | 23% | 60% | 78% |
| About the same | 24 | 32 | 17 | 9 |
| Poor whites | 44 | 28 | 12 | 7 |
| No opinion | 17 | 17 | 11 | 6 |

On the basis of what Negroes *think*, it appears that there is considerable truth in the theory that those Negroes and whites who resent each other feel as they do because of economic reasons. The great majority of Negroes, particularly in the South, feel that whites who have plenty of money are more friendly toward them than whites who haven't much money. And Negroes felt pretty certain on this point: only 9% of the Southern Negroes thought that money does not make much difference, and only 6% had no opinion.

Notice, however, that whites living in the North (where economic competition is likely to be greatest) took almost the opposite view. Nearly half (44%) of them thought that whites who don't have much money were friendlier toward Negroes than whites with

plenty of money; only 15% thought that wealthy whites are more friendly toward Negroes.

The interviewers next turned the question around: "Who do you think feel more friendly toward whites—Negroes who have lots of money or Negroes who don't have much money?"

| Friendlier to whites: | WHITES | | NEGROES | |
|--------------------------|--------|--------|---------|-------|
| | North | South | North | South |
| Wealthy Negroes. | 24%... | 15%... | 40%... | 47% |
| About the same. | 24%... | 22%... | 30%... | 22% |
| Poor Negroes. | 29%... | 46%... | 15%... | 23% |
| No opinion | 23%... | 17%... | 15%... | 8% |

Here again, the Negroes, both North and South, seemed to feel that money smooths the paths of racial amity. And once again, the whites, particularly Southern whites, disagreed with them. Of the "most prejudiced" Southern whites, more than half (56%) thought that the poorer a Negro is, the more likely is he to feel friendly toward whites. Evidently they feel that poverty helps the Negro to "know his place."

Of all groups, only about one fourth thought that money doesn't make any difference in shaping the attitudes of whites toward Negroes and Negroes toward whites. And

well over half thought that money does make a difference. So the popular impression is that the Negro-white problem in the U. S. is largely an economic one.

So much for opinions. What about the facts? To find out, the interviewers asked one simple question: "Would you say that you like most members of the other race or that you dislike them?" Here is a tabulation according to annual income of those who say that they do like most members of the other race:

| Have family income of: | WHITES | | NEGROES | |
|---------------------------|--------|--------|---------|-------|
| | North | South | North | South |
| Under \$3,000. | 66%... | 67%... | 79%... | 71% |
| \$3,000-\$5,000 | 66%... | 66%... | 80%... | 70% |
| \$5,000 and over. | 76%... | 68%... | 84%... | 85% |

Most differences in the table above are much too small to lend support to the theory that race conflict is *economic* in origin. It appears that the Negro-white problem does indeed result chiefly from prejudice. If that is so, it is unlikely that it will be solved by argument, however logical. If a solution is ever to be found, it will mean changing the hearts, rather than the minds, of men.

FEAST OF REASON

"You mean there's only cheese for dinner tonight, dear?" Mr. Newlywed asked his starry-eyed spouse.

"Yes, my precious," replied his wife. "You see, when the chops caught fire and fell into the tart, I had to use the soup to put the flames out. By that time the string beans had boiled dry, and the French-fried potatoes had all turned black."

Mrs. E. Marsciolok.

We're Running Out of Water

Water pipelines across the continent may be the only hope of great sections of our country

A YALE UNIVERSITY study made in 1939 found that one person needs 20 gallons of water each day. It allotted one gallon for drinking, six for laundry, and 13 for personal cleanliness. But the average American now uses 1,500 gallons a day!

Most of the 1,500, of course, is used in growing food and in manufacturing. To produce one slice of bread, including the growing of the wheat, takes 37.5 gallons of water. A steer, to create each pound of his beef, must consume something like 4,000 gallons, not only from his drinking trough but even more from his pastureland.

The fabricating of each ton of steel requires 40,000 gallons of water. Ten gallons of water are used to refine one gallon of gasoline. The brewing of a gallon of beer takes eight gallons of water in addition to what actually goes into the bottles.

We as a nation are now using about 275 billion gallons of water a day. Less than 10% of the total is for home use. About 100 billion



gallons a day are necessary for irrigation. The rest of our water consumption is by industry.

Nothing is inherently alarming about the size of these figures. America is blessed with water resources. The average rainfall over the U.S. is 30 inches. About 70% of this returns to the atmosphere by evaporation or plant transpiration. About eight inches remains to flow to the ocean or soak into the ground. This annual increment to our surface and ground water is four times what we use in a year.

But there are some disturbing aspects to the picture: 1. the unequal

*8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. July, 1957. © 1957 by the Atlantic Monthly Corp., and reprinted with permission.

distribution of our water resources; 2. the tremendous increase in our use of water, particularly by industry; 3. the possibility that a long-range change in climate may dry up some parts of the United States.

We have our deserts, swamps, and rain forests. In between we have a full range of climatological conditions, from Maine, with 40 inches of rainfall annually, only 15 of which evaporate, to Arizona with 14 inches, 13 of which evaporate. The 17 westernmost states average less than four inches of water yield or runoff a year. The 31 eastern states average 16 inches. Eastern Texas, northern California, and the Northwest are generally well watered. But half the area of the 17 states, constituting a third of the territory of the U.S., has a natural water yield of less than one inch.

In many parts of the country the water table, the top level of the underground storage water, is falling. In most cases it isn't a matter of drought but of overuse. In Milwaukee, for instance, when a large brewery began pumping from a big new well, water levels of another manufacturing plant seven miles away dropped 75 feet within a few hours.

Why is it that we are using so much more water all the time? It doesn't go for personal use, although an increase in suburban lawn watering is putting a strain on some municipal systems. It isn't for irrigation. The lands most easily and

WATER AND WEATHER

In winter, the surface water of lakes and seas becomes heavier as it cools. It sinks, causing the lighter, warmer water to rise. The cooling and mixing continues until the temperature reaches 4° C. At that point, the density change is reversed: the water becomes lighter as it cools towards freezing. Instead of sinking, the cooler water lies on the surface and finally freezes, forming a protective lid.

If the density of cooling water did not change in this unusual way, ice would form on lake and sea bottoms, and would accumulate until the waters were entirely solid. In summer, only the surface layers would melt, and there would be no massive movements of ocean currents to modify the world's weather. The tropics would become unbearably hot and the temperate regions would freeze throughout the year.

From *The World of Water* by J. Gordon Cook (N.Y.: Dial Press. 192 pp. \$3).

economically irrigated have long since been utilized as crop and pasturelands.

The increase, then, is concentrated in the need of industry for cold, clear water. It must be cold, because 75% of the water used by industry is for cooling; clear, because dirt, minerals, and salts clog

up pipes, form deposits on boilers, corrode equipment.

The amount of water needed by industry is staggering. Steam generators of electric power alone use 40 billion gallons a day for their boilers and for cooling their condenser coils. The steel industry last year used some 5 trillion gallons, and petroleum refining another 2½ trillion.

New types of industries further increase use of water. Rayon and nylon need far more water than the cotton and wool they replace, and the manufacture of synthetic rubber uses up American water instead of the rain that falls on Malayan jungles.

Unlike irrigation water, which either evaporates or soaks into the soil, most industrial water is returned to its source or to the surface. It may or may not have been polluted. It has been heated. A big industrial plant, therefore, needs a big body of water so that the water temperature won't be raised beyond the point of efficiency.

The prospects of water-short areas, especially the Southwest, are complicated by the possibility that North America is growing warmer and drier. Weather records indicate that most parts of the northern U.S. during the last half century have warmed up by 2° to 3°.

If America is really drying up, the Southwest will be first to face tragedy. Families will be forced to leave their homes. The great invest-

ment in irrigation facilities, much of it subsidized by taxpayers elsewhere, will be wasted.

What should we do about the impending water shortage? One solution might be an all-out study by our scientists of how we can control the weather. Let them figure out, as one newspaperman urged, how to provide gentle rainstorms every Tuesday and Thursday, with sunshine between, especially over the week ends. This idea isn't so farfetched as it might seem. Mathematician John Von Neumann remarked shortly before his death last year that control of climate was the greatest challenge facing science today.

Unfortunately, the prospect for the immediate future is bleak. Scientists aren't even sure what starts the climatological changes that affect the earth: solar radiation, cosmic rays, sun spots, or clouds of dust circling through the ionosphere in the wake of volcanic eruptions. Even the experiments on promoting rain by seeding clouds with dry ice or silver iodide look less promising than they did when the principle was first discovered ten years ago.

Another hope for the distant future is conversion of sea water into fresh water. But minimum cost thus far achieved for distilling salt out of sea water is \$1.50 per 1,000 gallons.

Two more likely solutions lie in pollution control and conservation. Government and industry, as they

become aware of the problems involved, show more willingness to spend money on these programs.

For industry, conservation means more complicated equipment to recirculate cooling water, reclaiming used water, and using alternate methods of cooling, such as refrigerants or air. For government, it involves stream regulation, anti-erosion devices, small dams, artificial recharging of ground water reservoirs, and proper use of plant life.

Industry is also accepting anti-pollution measures as part of normal production costs. Partly from public spirit and partly under pressure of public opinion and state laws, most new industrial plants have adopted waste-treatment devices. General Petroleum's new refinery at Ferndale, Wash., releases water so thoroughly cleaned that salmon have been caught 100 yards below the outlet.

But neither conservation nor anti-pollution measures, wholesome though they are, can solve industry's water needs. The best solution seems to be to pipe water from well-watered areas to dry areas. Such pipelines are expensive. They are not likely to be built in great mileages until shortage of water and of industrial space adjacent to water force such action.

The most famous existing water pipelines are those serving Los Angeles, a city which has outgrown

its water supply. It supplements its local reservoirs with water from the Owens river on the east side of the Sierra Nevada, 240 miles away; from Mono lake, 350 miles away; and from the Colorado river, 450 miles away.

An example of how a pipeline can be used to protect a regional economy is the story of Saginaw and Midland, two cities in central Michigan. After nearly dying along with the Michigan lumber industry 40 years ago, Saginaw, thanks to a set of General Motors factories and foundries, made a strong comeback. Midland, a younger city, grew from a small town with the expansion of the Dow Chemical Co.

During the 2nd World War a serious water problem threatened both cities when the rivers through the towns grew so polluted and the water so hard that treatment was almost impossible. They joined forces after the war to build an 80-mile pipeline to Lake Huron. It cost the communities \$10 million, but it can deliver a total of 43 million gallons a day of pure, fresh water. Added to existing supplies, that is enough for all their needs for years.

Only circumstances will determine when such pipelines as these will be economically feasible for other parts of the country. By 1975, however, a network of water pipelines is likely to rival the oil pipelines which now trace their way throughout the country.

Non-Catholics are invited to submit questions about the Church. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in The Catholic Digest, you will receive a lifelong subscription to this magazine. Write to The Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

What Would You Like to Know About the Church?

This month's question and answer:

THE LETTER

To the Editor: In a recent discussion with several Catholic friends of mine several statements were made that amazed me. I was told that in cases of demon possession a priest would be called in to perform a ritual or ceremony of some kind to expel the evil spirits. Now, isn't this a bit fantastic in this day and age?

I was also informed that several Catholic priests had written books on demonology, vampirism, and witchcraft. I must admit this sounds just as fantastic to me. Is it permissible for a Catholic to read and study such things? Please enlighten me in this matter.

Frank Browley.

THE ANSWER

By J. D. CONWAY

In this day and age, Frank, we tend to be more critical and less credulous. That attitude is good. It helps to eliminate superstition, fool-

ish fears, and the burning of persons accused of being witches. But we must be watchful that our skepticism does not intrude upon our faith, and lead us to doubt the truths revealed by God. Our modern enlightenment may well keep us from seeing the devil in every dark corner, or behind every quivering bush; but it should not lead us to doubt Satan's existence or his powerful influence on fallen man. These are truths clearly taught us in the Scriptures.

We pride ourselves today on being scientific. We seek natural explanations for even the most occult phenomena. Often we find proved natural causes; at other times we devise theories which are satisfying in their probability; and for the rest we maintain that calm reserve which confidently awaits an explanation while research plods its patient frontiers.

But we must be very careful that our scientific attitude does not lead us into that materialism which denies the spirit in man or the supernatural in the universe, which scorns

any realm of knowledge higher than the realm of experiment and mathematics.

We had best be slow to scorn the fantastic. We live in the midst of it; sustain ourselves with it through the problems of reality; frequently induce it with opiates and alcohol; and let it guide our lives with its illusions. We often distract ourselves for hours with fantasies: in daydreams, books, and periodicals; on the screen, radio, and TV—by no means excluding the commercials. Where would the modern housewife be without the fantasies which sell soap? What would she do with the children without their fantasies of space, time, and violent death? Modern fantasies are as frequent as the medieval; they are simply emasculated. The fantasy of witchcraft held mighty drama; the maraudings of the vampire, stark terror.

Do you really think the devil has taken a long vacation? Maybe his working hours are shorter, because he has so many human allies to do his work for him. Why should he work overtime when modern man seems so capable of damning himself without satanic help?

The devil is simply anonymous. Active as ever, he does his work behind the scenes. He knows that modern man does not believe in him, and he likes it that way. We do the devil's own work for him when we deny that he exists. If we were to see him clearly face to face and know him for what he is,

then with God's grace we could vanquish him.

In one phase, at least, this day and age is the devil's own. Falsity is the outstanding trait of his diabolical nature. Our Lord pointed this out: "There is no truth in him. When he tells a lie he speaks from his very nature, for he is a liar and the father of lies." And we have seen modern men, and particularly the leaders of modern men, develop this devilish attribute to artistic perfection in the "big lie" of propaganda and diplomacy.

We know, Frank, that in other days and other ages benighted people imputed to the devil personally and directly every unaccountable evil event—and in those times many things were unaccountable. But we moderns have our avid credulity aroused by something like *The Search for Bridey Murphy*. Maybe we have only changed the area of our gullibility. We are fascinated by mystery and morbidly enticed by the sensational.

My sharp comments on this day and age do not answer your question. In my own experience, I have found few Catholic priests who are interested in demonology. In the seminary they studied it briefly as a minor part of the tract about the angels. They have no doubt about the devil's existence and his potent, all-pervading influence in the affairs of men. But for practical purposes they incline to the modern custom of ignoring him. Their most

recent championship bout with him was that waged by the Curé of Ars a century ago.

However, leaving the priests out of it, you are correct in intimating that the devil has staged a comeback in modern literature. Maybe we should not call Dostoevski modern, but Gide certainly is, and Bernanos; and on lower literary levels thousands of books and articles have been written by sundry authors on various phases of the occult—in this day and age.

Vampirism is hardly to the point. Even when they created their darkest medieval terrors, vampires were not believed to be devils. They were persons who were dead, but not dead enough, whose graves were not able to contain their restless souls.

Witchcraft is much to the point. Witches consorted with devils and bewitched their victims by Satan's powers—or so it was popularly believed. And the devil probably had his own special fun in inspiring the popular fear, hatred, and persecution of his henchmen. However, if I am to answer your question, I must get down to the devil himself and not be distracted by his outmoded diversions.

That Satan exists no Christian can reasonably doubt. The Scriptures are full of the devil—from Genesis, where he takes the form of a snake to slither Eve unto her fall, to the Apocalypse, where he is bound by a chain for a thousand years and cast into the bottomless

pit. The Apocalypse gives us our fullest account of Satan's fall and banishment from heaven. Isaias gives us one of his many names: Lucifer, the day star—because of his original brightness. Our Lord seems to refer indirectly to this original fall when He says, "I saw Satan like lightning falling from heaven." Certain texts seem to indicate that the sin of Satan may have been one of pride, or of wanting to be like God; and II Peter 2, 4, and Jude, 6, among others, refer to his punishment: "Dragged down by infernal ropes to Tartarus . . . tortured . . . kept in everlasting chains under darkness."

From the time he tricked our first parents to their fall the devil has been active in the evils of men. St. Paul refers to this influence of the "most wicked one." He advises us to put on the armor of God (truth and the Gospel of peace, the breastplate of justice, and the shield of faith) that we may "be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." And Jesus recognized the power of Satan in the affairs of men so much that He called him "the prince of this world."

Because of our cooperation with the devil in evil we will be punished along with him: "Depart from me, accursed ones, into the everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels."

To sum up Catholic belief on this subject: demons do exist; they were created by God as angels, endowed

with his grace, and invited to love Him and enjoy the happiness of his home in heaven forever. But motivated by pride, ambition, envy, or some other sort of angelic temptation, they rebelled; and hell was created as a place of their punishment. There they stubbornly persist in their rebellion and hatred and do all that they can to lead men away from God. Their influence over men is great; they cannot directly attack our intellect or hinder our freedom of will, but they can present all manner of temptations and solicitations to us, as the serpent did to Eve, and they can even take control of our imagination and bodily reactions, and thus exert indirect influence on our higher faculties.

In the work of our Redemption, Satan was the direct and immediate adversary of Christ. The Redeemer had been promised to crush the head of the serpent. He began his public ministry by personal conflict with the devil, and He ended it with effective triumph over him in that victory of the cross which liberated all men from their bondage to the "prince of this world." "To this end the Son of God appeared, that he might destroy the works of the devil."

No one who believes that Jesus Christ was the Son of God can doubt that there were genuine cases of diabolical possession during the days of our Lord. Anyone who knows the Gospels is familiar with the many cases in which the devil

was driven out of afflicted souls by Jesus and by his Apostles whom He sent out explicitly for this purpose. By his divine power Jesus instantly restored those poor people to normal health, but their cases are distinguished very definitely from his cures of those who were merely sick.

Jesus vindicated for Himself the power of casting out devils—emphasizing that He did it by the power of God, not that of Beelzebub. He cited this power as a proof that He was the Messias, and He used it frequently during his ministry. He gave it expressly to his disciples, and indicated that it would be one of the distinguishing marks of their ministry after his death. The Apostles made use of this power often. (Acts 19, 13-16, indicates why the Church is very careful about permitting a priest to use the rite of exorcism; unworthy ones may well end up "tattered and bruised" from their encounter.)

If you remain unconvinced about possession and exorcism in the time of Christ it would be well to look up some of the dramatic cases which are described in detail: the man in the synagogue whose devil admitted that Jesus was the Holy One of God (Luke 4, 33-35; Mark 1, 23-26); the Syrophenician woman whose humility obtained the help of Jesus for her daughter, whom he healed at a distance (Mark 7, 25-30; Matt. 15, 21-28); the young man in the land of the Gerasenes, whose devils—named Legion—went into a herd

of pigs and impelled them violently to their death in the lake (Luke 8, 26-39); and the boy healed just after Jesus came down from the Mountain of the Transfiguration (Mark 9, 13-28). It was on this occasion that Jesus explained to his Apostles the need for prayer and fasting in driving out devils.

In view of all this evidence we Catholics believe that men can be and have been possessed by the devil, that exorcisms are possible by divine power, and that Jesus gave this power to his Church, which has exercised it constantly throughout the centuries, generally with great care and prudence. We cannot treat these Gospel stories as mere superstitions, legends or rumors. And we cannot believe that Christ would expressly encourage popular superstitions by pretending to drive out devils when he was really only curing poor epileptics or neurotics.

The Church does have a special ceremony for exorcisms. It is found in the Ritual, but it can be used only by special and explicit permission of the bishop. The priest who uses it must be pious, prudent, and upright in his entire life; he must be mature in age and venerable by reason of his office and dignity. He is advised to go to Confession before beginning his work and to proceed in it with charity and humility. He is advised to review his theology, and not to believe readily that a particular case is one of possession.

Certain norms are given for dis-

cerning possession, like a person's carrying on intelligent conversation in a language he has never known, revealing distant and hidden things, and manifesting powers that are clearly above nature. It is recommended that the general picture be considered, rather than to take one indication alone—and this is particularly applicable in these days of speculation about extrasensory perception, telepathy, and clairvoyance.

I have no way of knowing, Frank, how many cases of possession there might be in this day and age. Probably not many. I have personal knowledge of only one alleged case and I have never tried to verify the facts, though they were told me by a personal friend who was present at the exorcisms. Father Joseph de Tonquedec, S.J., one of the best authorities on the subject, is quoted as saying that in 20 years of investigation he has never come across a case of real possession. Undoubtedly many of the phenomena which were once believed to result from possession are now recognized as symptoms of hysteria, neuroses, and catalepsy, or may result from natural powers now being studied in parapsychology.

The fact that we find remarkably fewer cases of possession today than our ancestors seemed to find does not necessarily mean that former generations were entirely wrong. It may simply mean that the devil operates differently today; possession is rare but diabolical influence is

everywhere, manifested in hatred, crime, prejudice, and falsity—and even in incredulity. By being elusive he is more effective. If we could track him down we could eliminate him. If we could put our finger on him we could crush him. But if he can keep us in doubt of his identity or reality, he will sneak up on us and soon have us doing his work for him.

In this day and age, Frank, we should be neither superstitious nor totally skeptical, neither fascinated by the occult nor oblivious of

mystery, neither obsessed by a fiery-eyed dragon with horns nor dubious of the world of spirits. We should sensibly seek a natural explanation of every phenomenon, consulting experts in pertinent sciences, but not reject the possibility of spiritual intervention. The devil may be hard for modern man to swallow, but without him we can never fully understand Christ the Redeemer. Whom was He fighting if He had no adversary? Was He crucified to crush the nonexistent head of an imaginary serpent?



ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 55)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. circumvent (sur-kum-vent') | f) To surround; to gain advantage over by deception; to "come round." |
| 2. convene (kon-veen') | b) To come together in a body; to assemble. |
| 3. revenue (rev'a-nu) | d) Return from investment; money that comes from taxes or duties. |
| 4. eventuality (e-ven-tu-al'i-ty) | g) Possible outcome or condition. |
| 5. advent (ad'vent) | a) Any coming; arrival; approach. |
| 6. inventive (in-ven'tiv) | j) Able and likely to come upon; quick at contrivance. |
| 7. interventionist (in-ter-ven'shun-ist) | i) One who comes between by way of modification or hindrance. |
| 8. revenant (rev'e-nant) | h) One returned from death; a ghost. |
| 9. preventive (pre-ven'tiv) | l) Precautionary; pertaining to that "coming before." |
| 10. parvenu (par've-nu) | c) Person who has come to a high station in life, usually in a bad sense; an upstart. |
| 11. subvention (sub-ven'shun) | k) Act of coming under, especially with relief or money. |
| 12. contravene (kon-tra-veen') | e) To infringe; to oppose; to come or go against. |

All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.

Even As You Love

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

GOOD NOVELS ARE RARE, but this one by Elizabeth Borton de Treviño is good. In the book, Ann Colton, a well-to-do orphan, has been married to Peter Colton for five years. Peter is a rich Boston socialite with hordes of friends and an easy attitude toward marriage. Ann loves the quiet things; she would prefer a life of her own with her husband to the three-ring circus that continually surrounds them. A series of quarrels moves Ann to a decision. She will go away, and eventually get a divorce.

Going away means one thing and one place to Ann. Her older sister Snow, who has become a Catholic, is married to Bernard Rosales, scion of one of the oldest families in Mexico. The Rosaleses live in Mexico City with their three children.

Snow always had been Ann's great prop. During boarding school, and later at Wellesley, Ann would run to Snow with her troubles. Snow had never failed her, and Ann feels certain that she will again be consoled and strengthened. It is in a mood of self-pity that she comes to the Rosales' home at

No. 5 in the Street of the Holy Spirit.

Ann's first sight of Snow is a shock. She is more beautiful than ever, but fragile, listless, pale.

Ann decides to keep her own troubles to herself until she finds out what is wrong with Snow. On the surface, her sister seems happily married. Bernard is courteous and devoted; Manolo, Fernandito, and little Lupita appear to be charming children.

After a few days of getting acquainted, Ann finds herself in a sea of troubles. Manolo bosses his brother and sister. Bernard often stays out at night, without explanation. His brother Gregorio, who has come to live with the Rosaleses after leaving the seminary, is a drunkard. Snow has had three miscarriages, and it is only the skill of her doctor Tibor that saves her from becoming an invalid. Panchita, the young unmarried maid, reveals to Ann that she is with child.

At this point Bernard's aunt Chole comes to live with the family. She is deeply religious, and although born of wealthy aristocrats, she dresses in black like the

nun she had once hoped to be. No task is too menial for her.

Ann at first distrusts Chole, but soon finds that her presence is the beginning of happier days for everyone. The drama is heightened at this point by Snow's word that she is going to have another child. The doctor forbids her to, and Ann and Bernard urge Snow to take the necessary medical steps.

"It is nothing really at this point," said the doctor. "Very simple. A little inconvenience for a few days. You are needed here, in good health for your other children."

"Snow lifted her head and looked at each one. 'You have forgotten another person in this affair,' she said. 'Nobody has consulted me. It is my baby, and I will have it.'"

Snow does have her baby at last, and the tangled skein of evil and trouble that besets the family is slowly unwound. It is Chole who prays them all to sanity and through her tragic death atones for the family's many sins of thought and deed.

Strangest of all is the effect on Ann. She learns that it is not enough to be self-sufficient. It is

giving and loving, she finds, that bring a person to full maturity. This conviction leads to a reconciliation with her husband and the promise of a new and transfigured life for them both.

The author, Mrs. de Treviño, was born in Bakersfield, Calif. She studied at Stanford university, and after graduation went to Boston for advanced music study. Her ability to write with color and force got her a job on the *Boston Herald*.

Her first book, *My Heart Lies South*, described with precision and tenderness her happy marriage in Mexico, where she now lives with her husband and two sons.

Mrs. Treviño's intimate knowledge and warm love of Mexico are reflected brilliantly in *Even As You Love*. The scenes of the novel are as memorable as Mexico itself; the drama is managed with great skill and romantic realism. You will not easily forget Snow and her family, and the door they open into life.

Even As You Love (256 pp.) is published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York City, at \$3.50—to Catholic Digest Book Club members, \$2.95. See announcement inside back cover.

MECHANIZED MARKET

A Texan called at an auto agency and placed an order for several small European cars. The salesman, rather startled by the size of the order, inquired, "Are these gifts for friends?"

"No," replied the Texan, "I'm opening up a supermarket and I intend to use those cars in place of grocery carts."

LeRoy J. Hebert

PUBLISHER'S PAGE

(Continued from inside front cover)

But many others merit no disapproval at all. All the trade magazines, which help the wage earner in his daily work, should be welcomed. There are hundreds of them: magazines for every kind of merchant, and baker and barber and mechanic and farmer and lawyer and doctor and dentist. All of them teach a man or help him in his trade. They are, almost all of them, doing good in the world. They are, of course, secular publications.

Then there is another group which help a man in his spare time: *Popular Mechanics*, and all the hobby magazines. And some who help a woman in her spare time: needlecraft publications, and those devoted to cooking, domestic arts, decoration, furniture, lawns, gardens, flowers, and the like. Almost all of them serve a praiseworthy purpose. Scarcely any of them could be Catholic in the sense of Catholic magazines, nor should anyone wish them to be.

Another group is concerned with news. They fall into the same class as newspapers. Most of the time they only report what happens. Sometimes they tell too much about sensational events, or slant the news, or give wrong advice. But a person working in the world has to read

them if he wants to know what is going on.

Lastly, there is the great group of consumer magazines: *Good Housekeeping*, *McCall's*, *Better Homes & Gardens*, and the like. They are called "consumer" because they strive to attract and hold the interest of those who buy groceries, household goods, clothes, cars, and the like. They do this, of course, to attract into their pages advertisers who display these goods. Mostly they do not offend against dogma or morals. Occasionally they do, however, when an author turns out to be a freethinker, a radical, or a simple do-gooder; or when they accept advertising that is in bad taste, or which concerns products that should never have been produced in the first place.

All these types of magazines are part of the world in which a secular priest is pledged to work. They are part of his life, and sometimes part of his problem, as are department stores, drugstores, saloons, banks, meat markets, theaters, and bowling alleys. He cannot put them out of existence and he cannot ignore them. He is in the world and they are part of the world he is in.

I am a secular priest, and my concern in the world is mainly

magazines. I think I have devised a way for working in that world, and of making that world work for what I am pledged to do: to promote decency in reading and to bring some knowledge of Christ and the Church to people through the printed word.

The plan, accordingly, is called the National Catholic Decency in Reading Program. Its purpose, primarily, is to distribute Catholic magazines, including *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST*, in every state of these United States. Its secondary purpose is to offer to Catholics and non-Catholics a wide choice of useful and proper magazines. In order to do that, it makes use of secular magazines.

In September, the plan operated in Our Lady of Peace High school in St. Paul. One of my friends was called on by a student of that school. He purchased his subscription to *Better Homes & Gardens* and *Field and Stream* each for two years and paid the girl \$11. He would have purchased the subscriptions anyhow. He asked me what advantage he had gained by giving the high-school girl the \$11, instead of mailing it directly to the publishers.

"I'd be delighted to explain that," I said, and got out pencil and paper. "If you had mailed your \$11 to the publisher, the publisher would have received the \$11 and that would have been that. But you chose to give it to the girl from

Our Lady of Peace High school.

"Here now is your \$11. The girl takes it back to her school. The school keeps \$3.30 of it. Then \$6.65 goes to make it possible for the school to make the sale. That pays for many things. It buys the magazines from the publishers. It pays the college-trained organizer, his travel expenses, the elaborate printed supplies, advertising, promotion, order handling and administrative costs. Add them all up, and you have \$9.95, which leaves a profit of \$1.05.

"The customer has received his magazines at the regular rates. He is pleased. The pupil has received a prize. She is happy. Finally, the school made a profit of \$3.30."

"Who," said my friend, "gets the \$1.05 profit?"

"You," said I, "will be surprised. Now, the girl who left your home goes next door and sells two subscriptions to Catholic magazines: *The Commonweal*, which costs \$8, and *The Sign*, which costs \$3. Together they cost \$11. Now watch what happens to this \$11.

"Again the school receives a commission but this time it is \$3.85. *The Commonweal* and *The Sign* receive \$5.50. The total other business costs are \$3.30. They total up to \$12.65. A loss of \$1.65 has occurred."

"Father, you mean you lost \$1.65? That is a silly way to do business. Why do you do it? And how are you going to make at least

a small profit to stay in business?"

"Those are two questions," I said. "I'll answer the second one first. It is impossible to sell Catholic magazines at a profit and give the school its generous earnings. But the school can do a great deal of good with the money which doesn't come out of the parish budget. This plan starts our youth with Catholic magazines in his home. The pupil has voluntarily done an apostolic work.

"Now, the better consumer, business, and hobby magazines are wanted by Protestant, Jew and Catholic alike. Non-Catholic neighbors are happy to buy them through our schools. We want to guide those friends (more numerous than we) to decent magazines. So you see, we can make the extra sales to overcome the deficit. Our non-Catholic friends especially help us do that because they get their money's worth. This extra selling multiplies the school's profit.

"As a priest in Catholic publishing I have long since learned that the day when a Catholic magazine

can 'go it alone' is passed. No one magazine can afford a complete nation-wide sales organization. Catholic magazines must aid each other if the Catholic press is to rise to its important service to the world. It is our concern to promote and distribute Catholic magazines nationally at a cost that Catholic magazines can afford. Catholic publishers have very little advertising revenue. Secular magazines have a great deal. They can afford to accept a lesser amount of subscription revenue, while Catholic publishers cannot."

"Now I begin to see it," said Ray, who should have seen it long before. "You have fixed it so that the secular publishers pay the deficit incurred in getting a subscription for the Catholic publishers."

"That is it exactly," I said.

Operating in this fashion, the National Catholic Decency in Reading Program and THE CATHOLIC DIGEST has placed in Catholic homes in the U. S. A., during the last six years, 58,759,310 copies of Catholic magazines.



NO WASTED TEARS

Mother walked into the nursery and found young Bobby solemnly tying a bandage around one of his fingers.

"Why, darling," she exclaimed, "what have you done to your poor finger?"

"I hit it with a hammer," Bobby replied.

"But I didn't hear you crying," mother remarked.

"No," came the bland reply. "I thought you were out." Frances Benson.

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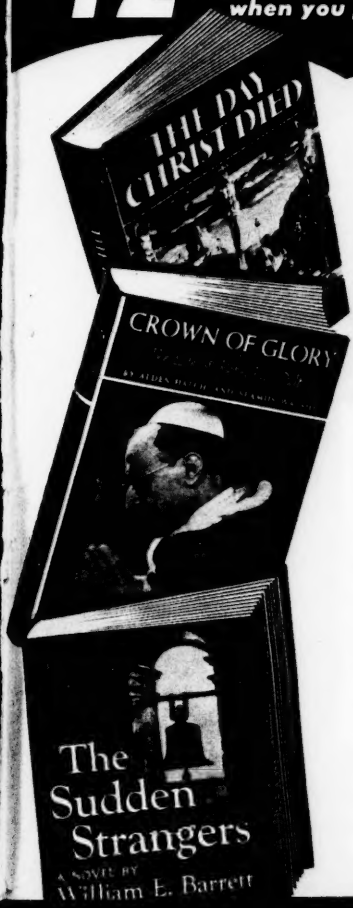
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